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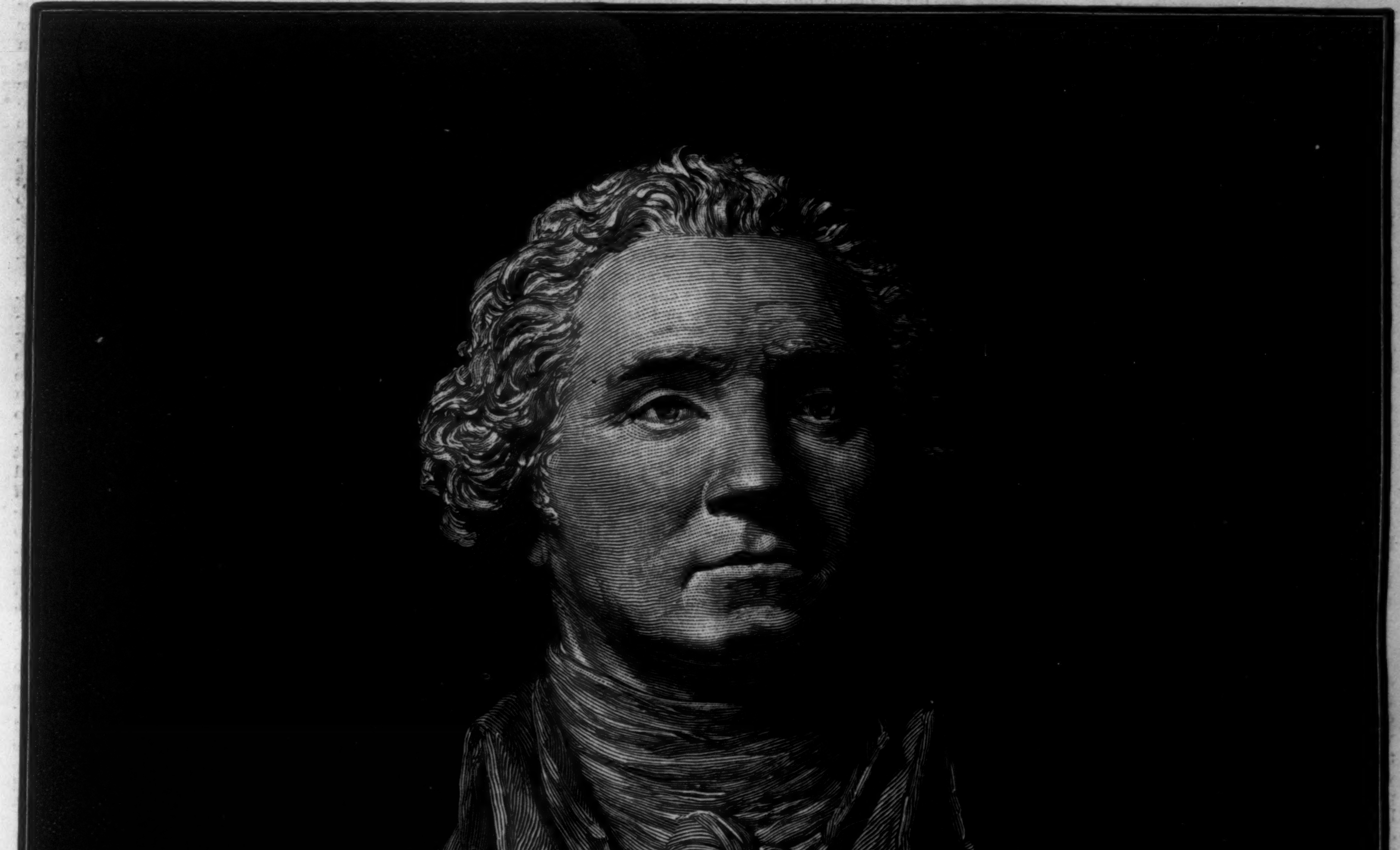


BUST OF WASHINGTON, MODELLED FROM THE HOUDON MASK BY W. W. STORY.—[SEE PAGE 144.]

"No more beautiful book for the boys and girls can be found than this [Harper's Young People for 1886], and none whose contents will afford greater enjoyment. It consists of the numbers of the weekly periodical for the year 1886, bound together into a large quarto volume."—*Sunday-school Journal* (Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., Editor).

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

In the number for February 22 Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie *tells of a visit paid in her childhood to a lady who had danced with* General Washington *at one of the earliest celebrations of the Twenty-second of February.* John R. Coryell *has an article called* "*Little Lion-Tamers,*" *accompanying two engravings after photographs.*

"LITTLE WALL-FLOWERS"

is the title of a beautiful drawing by Jessie Shepherd, *with a poem by* Mary D. Brine.

In fiction, "*The Colonel's Money*" *is continued, and* Mr. Munkittrick's *amusing story,* "*The Hurrishoffer,*" *is concluded. The short story is entitled* "*Jack's Step,*" *by* Sydney Dayre.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 26, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

TAKING A RECKONING.

MR. MANNING retires from the head of the Treasury amid universal commendation. The journals that sneered at his appointment as the selection of a mere "machine" party politician of questionable antecedents now unhesitatingly praise his official career as Secretary of the Treasury, and agree that his retirement is a grave loss to the public service. This changed tone is very suggestive, for it shows how unfounded was the deep and sincere apprehension of the consequences of Mr. Cleveland's election which was felt by thousands of good citizens in 1884, who therefore voted against him or declined to vote at all. The chief result of the election of that year has been not only an honest and patriotic administration, but the effectual dissipation of the idea that half of the citizens of the United States are hostile to the Union and the government, and to be kept out of political control at all hazards as public enemies. Differences of opinion as to the practical wisdom and results of policies of administration are inevitable and wholesome. But the theory upon either side that those who hold the opposing view are public enemies is generally childish. It was, however, a view which naturally followed a civil war involving the dissolution of the Union, and it was a view which was skilfully improved for partisan advantage by party leaders. It was plain in 1884 that politics could be restored to a normal situation only when this view ceased to be honestly held. But it would be certainly cherished, to the great detriment of the whole country, until it was disproved. It could be disproved, however, only by actual experience. That experience was secured by the result of the Presidential election. The result did not, in our opinion, prove a preference of the Democratic party as an agency of administration, nor was the expression of such preference the object of the independent voters who, while they generally held by tradition and conviction to the Republican party, voted for the Democratic candidate. Their action was determined by other considerations. But it had the happy result of proving what they believed, that the success of a Democratic candidate would not destroy or harm the country or the government. Their feeling has been completely justified by the event. The bogie of vague but sincere and overwhelming distrust of the other party, not as an opposition, but as a public enemy, has been completely laid.

Differing convictions upon policy and measures, and of the general character and tendency of parties, remain. But unreasoning alarm lest the success or defeat of either side should ruin the country has disappeared, and consequently the citizens of the Southern States undoubtedly feel, for the first time in a quarter of a century, that they are equal American citizens, divided from other citizens by normal and legitimate political differences, but not regarded and treated by half the country as conspirators and traitors. This removes from the political contest of next year one of the most powerful elements in every campaign since the end of the civil war. The appeal to undefined terror, the apprehension that rebel debts would be paid and slavery restored, that the finances would be bewitched, industrial enterprise paralyzed, and business prosperity ruined, if the Republican candidate were not elected, are all past. Reasoning from the present situation, the campaign of 1888 will be interesting and singular, because it will not be a contest of differing and definite policies represented by the two parties, but of the more effective enforcement of the same general policy. Thus the financial course which the conduct of both parties shows that the country approves is that which the most representative Democrats in Congress, like Mr. Bayard and Mr. Hewitt, supported under a Republican administration, and which the Democratic administration, with Mr. Manning in the Treasury, has adopted. It is this fact that occasions the Republican assertion which has been often made, and which was repeated amid great applause at the late Republican dinner in New York, that the Cleveland administration has succeeded only so far as it has adhered to Republican measures. This, however, shows only that the country approves a certain general policy, which will be undoubtedly maintained by either party, and the present prospect is that the question of 1888 will be whether this policy shall be intrusted to Republican or Democratic hands. The obvious comment that it is absurd to suppose a Republican policy intrusted to Democratic hands is easily disposed of by the unquestionable fact that there is no great public question upon which party lines are drawn, except, to a certain degree, upon protection, and in the present situation it is evident that protection, as such, will not be a serious issue in the next campaign. There is no substantial financial difference of policy between the Administration and the Republicans. Both profess devotion to civil service reform, and upon other pending foreign or domestic questions, as upon what are called the questions of the future, party positions have not been taken.

For the election of next year undoubtedly the Democrats have lost a great advantage by not strongly sustaining the administration of Mr. Cleveland, and the Republicans by not demonstrating that the doubts of 1884 as to the party changes and tendencies were unfounded. Republican history and achievement have been heretofore eloquent pleas for the party. But the force of those pleas has been greatly weakened by the later course of the party. In the face of an Administration which has been removing Republican distrust and winning general confidence and respect, as undoubtedly it has done, has the Republican party, where it had control, proved that the Republican protest of 1884 was unjust to the present spirit and conduct of the party? These are questions which are not answered by appeals to the past, nor by eloquent assumptions, nor by declaring that reform within the party can come only from those who support every party command through thick and thin, nor by the effort to discredit as supercelestial scorners of human nature those who refuse to vote for unfit candidates because they are nominated by their party, or emphasize their refusal and enforce the rebuke by supporting fit candidates of the other party. Party leaders should certainly have learned that the election of '88 will be decided in New York, and that in New York there is a body of intelligent voters who hold the balance of power, and who are not to be cajoled by declamation about the necessity of party and other excellent remarks, nor coerced by any quantity or quality of vituperation or calumny. The State election of 1885 did not demonstrate their weakness, because Mr. Davenport was defeated by the determination that a Republican should not carry in '85 the State which Mr. Blaine had lost in '84. Governor Foraker's speech at the late Republican dinner, which was the chief event of the occasion, was a glowing recitation of the achievements of the party which has done more for liberty and for the country than any other party in our history. But this is not a new story. Everything that Governor Foraker said was perfectly well known to every Independent Republican in 1884 who would not support the candidate. But if the appeal to the past could not secure party success in 1884, will it probably do it in 1888? The party which would be victorious in 1888 must show that it will secure more surely than the other party what the country wants now, not what it wanted twenty years ago.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

The failure of the great strike in New York will be of the utmost service to those who live by daily wages, not because it will cause them to submit to injustice, but because it will tend to lead them to resume their independence. It will make them question not only the fitness of the leaders who order strikes, but still more the system of pledging slavish obedience to such leaders. The true captains of industry are not such walking delegates and chiefs as those who are responsible for the Southwestern strike last spring and the New York strike this winter, but men who believe and prove that honorable fidelity to individual engagements, and reasonable discussion, not arbitrary and imperious demand—in a word, conscience and good sense—are the basis of harmonious relations between employers and employed. The great mass of the American people live by wages. Why should any part of them distrust the whole body? Why should any number of employés doubt that a plain statement of evident wrong would command public sympathy? If, for instance, wages are unfairly reduced by a company, and a clear and accurate publication of all the facts and the whole situation is made by the employés, not with threats nor attempted direct or indirect violence, there need be no fear of public indifference or hostility. And if the result should be dismissal of those who are chiefly responsible for such an appeal to the public judgment, that last of itself would but emphasize the public appeal, and affect public opinion.

Publicity is the great righter of wrongs in this country, and in the cases that we suppose appeal to the public is the legitimate remedy, because great corporations, like coal companies, or railroads, or telegraph corporations, are public servants, and are organized by public authority. But the late strike was all confusion and darkness, an attempted paralysis of industry, a suspension of business activity, and a menace of universal loss and misfortune. It aroused general anger and opposition at the outset, and the more widely it promised to spread, the more plainly the participants appeared to be mere public enemies. It covered the names of Knights of Labor, and organized labor, and associated industries, and labor unions, with public odium, and produced that temper of the public mind which repels every suggestion that there may be great wrongs in the existing relations of employers and employed, and which is disposed to regard every strike or proposition emanating from the employed as a declaration of war. The conduct of the strike, so far as it threatened or denounced "scabs," or honest workmen making their own contracts, still further angered the public sense of justice, while the surrender by intelligent men to a few other men of the right of deciding upon satisfactory terms of employment struck every genuine American as contemptible, and unworthy of self-respecting men.

It is because this is and will be more and more apparent to the strikers, and to all who are called distinctively workmen—a name which does not properly define a class in a country where the great multitude of citizens work for their livelihood—that the strike will have been serviceable. There were plenty of men who threw up work with great reluctance, and who have now the beginning of a perception that to organize as a class all men who are employed against those who employ, in order to avenge the alleged wrongs of individuals, or to enforce the demands of some employés upon some employers, is the assumption that human society is in a state of war, like two armies in the field—an assumption which merely invites reprisals, and offers no solution whatever of the relations of capital and labor. The instruction of such events as the great strikes is most costly both in individual suffering and general loss, but the information which is acquired is worth the expense. After the experience of the year, such movements will be less likely to be hasty. The course and consequence of a strike are now more comprehensible to the strikers, while, on the other hand, combinations of capital to put up prices upon the necessities of life, and the corruption of legislation by great corporations, are more plainly seen to be crimes against society, and incitements to anarchy quite as outrageous as ill-considered strikes.

THE PENSION VETO.

The President's veto of the Dependent Pension Bill is one of those honest, courageous, independent, and patriotic acts which are very characteristic of the man. It seems, indeed, a simple duty for the Executive to baffle by the veto an outrageous raid upon the Treasury; but it is one of which very few Executives would have been capable in the face of great majorities in both Houses of Congress, and of the fear of both parties of alienating "the soldier vote." But the President shows clearly and firmly the vagueness and dangerous looseness with which the bill was drawn, and describes plainly but temperately the pretences, falsehoods, and illicit devices of claim agents, and justifies his veto to every honorable mind. This is shown by the generally favorable tone of the opposition press in discussing the message. Mere party spirit would have attacked the President as heartlessly indifferent to the brave soldiers of the Union, and as charging patriotic pension applicants with dishonesty, and as currying favor with ex-Confederates. The Republican press in general, however, and, as the Buffalo *Express* truly says, speaking for the people, approves the veto. But the New York *Tribune* sneers that it ill becomes a President who was elected by rebel votes to slur the defenders of the Union. This is the natural tone of an unscrupulous partisan organ. But there can be few Republicans who read the President's veto message, or the many similar vetoes of individual claims whose character we exposed last week, who do not know that the President's feeling toward the soldiers is that of all loyal Union men, and that the characterization of voters in the Southern States as rebels is merely a puerile resource of partisan desperation.

In resisting this reckless assault upon the Treasury the President recalls Congress and the country to reason, and restrains the thoughtless extravagance which is the natural result of a great surplus. He points out that the bill departs from the principle of pension bills for Union soldiers hitherto in granting pensions merely for service. But he shows also that the general impression is unfounded that there have been heretofore no service pension bills. In 1818, 1828, 1832, and 1871 there were such bills for service in the Revolution and in the war of 1812, and the Mexican pension bill passed at this session of Congress is a service bill. But these bills were passed so long after the service was rendered, and presumptively for so few persons, that they cannot be held as precedents for the proposed legislation. To show how vague are all calculations of the probable number of claimants and of the amount to be paid, the President mentions that when the law of 1818 was passed the number of pensioners was computed to be 374, and the estimated expense was $40,000. But the number of applicants proved to be 22,297, and the amount allowed was $1,847,900 for 20,485 pensions. In 1853 there was a bill passed to pension the widows of Revolutionary soldiers who were married after January 1, 1800. It was supposed that there were about 300 of them, but the number of pensions allowed was 3742. These figures show how entirely uncertain are the estimates and calculations in regard to these bills. The President alludes plainly, as was his duty, but in perfectly proper and moderate terms, to the flagrant deception and want of good faith in the pressing of claims by pension agents. Nothing is more notorious. In his recent biography of THOMAS H. BENTON, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT says of his hero: "Certain of his speeches upon the different land bounty and pension bills, passed nominally in the interests of veterans, but really through demagogy and the machinations of speculators, could be read with profit by not a few Congressmen of the present time. One of his utterances was, 'I am a friend to old soldiers,. . . .but not to old speculators.'"

The President knows, of course, how the simple performance of his duty upon this subject may be misrepresented, and he justly takes care to show distinctly how fully he shares the right feeling of all good citizens for the soldiers of the Union. But he states with equal distinctness and truthfulness the generous provision which a grateful nation has made for its old soldiers, and his belief that no worthy old soldier asks to become an object of mere charity. These are his words:

> "Believing this to be the proper interpretation of the bill, I cannot but remember that the soldiers of our civil war in their pay and bounty received such compensation for military service as has never been received by soldiers before since mankind first went to war; that never before on behalf of any soldiers have so many and such generous laws been passed to relieve against the incidents of war; that statutes have been passed giving them a preference in all public employments; that the really needy and homeless Union soldiers of the rebellion have been to a large extent provided for at soldiers' homes, instituted and supported by the government, where they are maintained together, free from the sense of degradation which attaches to the usual support of charity; and that never before in the history of the country has it been proposed to render government aid toward the support of any of its soldiers based alone upon a military service so recent, and where age and circumstances appeared so little to demand such aid. Hitherto such relief has been granted to surviving soldiers, few in number, venerable in age, after a long lapse of time since their military service, and as a parting benefaction tendered by a grateful people. I cannot believe that the vast peaceful army of Union soldiers, who, having contentedly resumed their places in the ordinary avocations of life, cherish as sacred the memory of patriotic service, or who, having been disabled by the casualties of war, justly regard the present pension roll, on which appear their names, as a roll of honor, desire at this time and in the present exigency to be confounded with those who through such a bill as this are willing to be objects of simple charity, and to gain a place upon the pension roll through alleged dependence."

No intelligent and patriotic American can mistake the spirit and meaning of these words, or fail to see in them the evidence of an honest and fearless discharge of a high public duty. The President's veto has but confirmed the confidence of the country in his upright purpose, his firm resolution, and his sturdy common-sense.

HIGH LICENSE AND "FREE RUM."

THE resolution of Prohibitionists that if they cannot secure a complete restriction of making and selling ardent spirits, they will join the liquor interest in a policy of "free rum" by defeating a high license policy, is undoubtedly sincere, but it is greatly to be regretted. If the manufacture and sale of strong drink are held to be sins, it is not surprising that those who think so oppose a policy of license. But, with such convictions, however natural their opposition may be, it seems to us a great mistake, because it is better to diminish sin, if you cannot suppress it, than to increase it in the hope of forcing its suppression. If a man would promote temperance, he can surely do something toward his end by reducing the number of liquor saloons from nine thousand to six or even to three thousand. To insist that if they cannot be totally abolished he will multiply them to twenty thousand is to take the responsibility of all the homes and lives that are ruined by the increase.

His reply is that if those who desire to prevent all the ruin will agree to abolish the sin altogether, he will gladly co-operate with them. But the reply to this, in turn, which should satisfy every reasonable man, is that the number of people who believe it to be a sin, and to be treated as he prefers, is too small to secure that treatment; and consequently, while he relaxes no effort to persuade others that it is a sin to be totally abolished, he should join in restricting its evil consequences so far as the present public conviction will permit. In pursuing this course he serves his own ultimate object of complete suppression of the traffic by convincing the opinion without which it cannot be restricted in any degree, while he avails himself of the existing opinion to restrict it in some degree. However sincerely a man may believe the making and sale of ardent spirits to be a sin not to be trifled with, he cannot doubt that the great mass of the community with equal sincerity regard such making and sale a question solely of expediency, to be regulated by law. In this situation he cannot suppose that a restriction which can be secured without prejudice to ultimate complete suppression is not better than the unrestricted manufacture and sale.

The situation is not that of the Liberty party in 1844. The question then was the annexation of Texas, and the Liberty party held that experience proved that neither party was really antislavery, as the Alabama letter of Mr. CLAY immediately showed. But it was that letter, not the general conviction even of antislavery men, which defeated Mr. CLAY. The letter convinced a certain number of antislavery Whigs in New York, who until then had intended to vote for Mr. CLAY, that nothing was really to be expected from the Whig party, and they gave their votes to Mr. BIRNEY, and defeated Mr. CLAY. If temperance men really believe that the CROSBY bill, should it be passed by this Republican Legislature, would not be enforced, and therefore regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, they are in the position of the Liberty party of 1844. But there is no reason to doubt that the high license party is not just as sincere and resolute as the prohibition party; and it is therefore extremely unwise, upon the theory that that party is neither honest nor determined, to unite with the liquor party. WENDELL PHILLIPS demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation, but he hailed the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who was not, in the PHILLIPS sense, an abolitionist, as a signal victory for the good cause. It must be clear to every honest advocate of prohibition that if public sentiment will not support the enforcement of high license, it would certainly not support prohibition. High license is not prohibition, but the strong and persistent protest against it of the liquor interest is the proof that it would be a great victory for the temperance cause.

A NEW GLIMPSE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

A BRIGHT and pleasant book, full of characteristic anecdotes of different parts of the country, and written in a gay and cheerful spirit, is *Retrospections of America from* 1797 *to* 1811, by JOHN BERNARD, an English actor of much more than ordinary ability, who lived among us for many years, and returned to England sincerely regretted on this side of the sea. Mr. BERNARD'S autobiography remained in MS., occasionally drawn upon by his son for publication, until now the whole work is published by the HARPERS, under the competent editorship of LAURENCE HUTTON and BRANDER MATTHEWS.

BERNARD was for some time manager of the old Federal Street Theatre in Boston, where he introduced GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE for the first time in that city, and he wandered about the country with a cheery temper and a singular sensitiveness to the humorous aspect of American life. His freedom from all John Bullishness, immediately after the Revolution, when the feeling between the two countries was so irritable and unpleasant, is very striking and agreeable. He is constantly disposed to see the situation from the American point of view, and had his work been published at the time of his residence here, it would have been very serviceable in mollifying prejudice.

The most interesting passage in the book is the account of a chance meeting with WASHINGTON upon the road near Mount Vernon, where WASHINGTON and BERNARD relieved a man and his wife who were thrown from their carriage, and subsequently, upon WASHINGTON'S recognition of BERNARD, whom he had seen upon the stage in Philadelphia, he invited the actor to his house. BERNARD'S description of the General and of his conversation is extremely interesting, and it is a new and delightful glimpse of the man. In the course of the talk a slave brought in some fresh water, and as WASHINGTON had been extolling our freedom, BERNARD, looking at the slave, smiled, and instantly understanding his feeling, WASHINGTON expressed his hearty desire for the abolition of slavery, ending with these remarkable words: "Not only do I pray for it on the score of human dignity, but I can clearly foresee that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of our Union, by consolidating it in a common bond of principle." The happy event has justified the foresight of our greatest man.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO DO GOOD.

THE simple and beneficent charity which has the merit of doing immense good and costing the giver nothing makes its annual appeal. We mean, of course, the donation of newspapers and magazines to the Committee of the Charities Aid Association for distribution in the hospitals and other humane institutions. The "Machine" of this charity is very simple. There are boxes, properly marked, "For the sick in hospitals," at the ferry slips and at the termini of the elevated railroads, and especially at the Grand Central Depot, where newspaper-reading travellers most do congregate, near the staircase leading to the elevated railway.

Into these hospitable receptacles we are all asked to drop the daily papers, the illustrated weeklies, magazines, German periodicals, children's books, novels, stories, and old Christmas, New-Year's, and Easter cards. These little boxes are enchanted. They turn the usual refuse of the waste basket, the papers and periodicals that are otherwise burnt, or sold for nothing to the rag-man, into precious gifts and delight and instruction for the sick and suffering wearing out weary days in the hospital. The record of a year shows more than 95,000 daily papers, 22,500 illustrated and weekly papers, 8000 magazines, 2800 bound books, and 5000 cards distributed among the patients of Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's, and Hart's islands.

If you are moved—and many generous souls are moved—to do more than stuff your paper or magazine into the wonder-working box—if, for instance, you make up a little package of books, stories, and cards—you add to your generosity the grace of paying the expressage to the office of the Charities Aid, which is always accessible at 21 University Place, Room 8. This is an episodical charity amid your larger benevolences. It is not only beautiful and timely, but it is satisfactory, alms-giving. Like a thrifty housekeeper, you waste nothing, because you know that whatever you give produces the very pleasure and relief that you intend to produce. Don't forget the number or the boxes.

PERSONAL.

MR. E. P. ROE, the essayist and novelist, is working hard in Santa Barbara, California. He denies himself to all callers during the day, and remains at his writing-desk from 8 o'clock A.M. to 4 in the afternoon.

—An old South Carolinian, Captain ROBERT W. ANDREWS, now resident in Boston, who is in his ninety-seventh year, wants to challenge any man of his age to a match at walking or jumping.

—A copy of an air by VON WEBER which is practically unknown to connoisseurs was picked up in New York recently. The possessor asked Professor BAERMANN, the pianist, whose family were friends of the composer, if he had any idea who was the Fräulein HALLAS to whom the air was dedicated, and the artist answered that it was his own grandmother.

—A number of Boston men of bookish tastes, some of whom have good libraries of their own, have just organized the Club of Odd Volumes, the purpose being to visit each other's houses and examine and discuss such rare or curious books as may be owned by the host. The president is Mr. CURTIS GUILD, the secretary is Mr. WILLIAM CLARENCE BURRAYE, and the membership is not to exceed thirty-one.

—General DRAYTON, an ex-Indian officer, gives a fine specimen of red-tape in the Indian service. It is the rule for an officer drawing his pay to forward a certificate on the last day of each month declaring that he is alive. For two months one summer DRAYTON was absent from his post, travelling on the Himalayas. On the last day of August he sent in the customary certificate, with a request that his June and July salary be paid to his bankers. The official reply declared that his August pay had been credited to him, but that there was no certificate to prove that he was alive in June and July.

—Professor BADEN-POWELL, of England, is now engaged in studying grape-growing and wine-making in California. He is an expert on viticulture, and it is said that he will make valuable suggestions for the improvement of California wines.

—WALT WHITMAN recently received a letter from Lord TENNYSON, beginning "Dear old man," and breathing the interest and affection which the English poet laureate has so often expressed for the aged American poet when conversing with his countrymen.

—Mrs. S. T. RORER, who conducts her local school of cooking in Philadelphia, supplements her teaching by practical lessons in marketing, with four brawny assistants, who cut up the sides of beef and mutton before a lecture-room of women.

—According to the Bombay *Gazette*, Prince ESTERHAZY of Hungary has proved himself a mighty tiger-hunter during his sojourn in India. He bagged no less than fourteen tigers, two of which made for him at the same time, and were brought down right and left.

—Mr. R. N. JOHNSON has presented to the Authors' Club a large photograph of the famous inscription on the slab above SHAKESPEARE'S grave in the church at Stratford-on-Avon:

> "Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare,
> To digg The dvst encloased Heare:
> Blese be ye man yt spares Thes stones,
> And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

—Mr. I. W. TABER, of San Francisco, proposes to photograph all the prominent men who have aided in developing California, to place the portraits, with autographs and brief biographies, in several large albums, and to present the collection to the California State Library. He will gather about 500 subjects, and will print them by the permanent bromide of silver process.

—WILLIAM PINKERTON, the Chicago detective, whose latest piece of work was the capture of the men who murdered Express-messenger NICHOLS in his car a year ago and stole $21,000, is a Hercules in build, standing over six feet, and weighing 230 pounds. His greatest pleasure, however, is found in playing with his two little daughters.

—Sir CHARLES YOUNG, the author of *Jim the Penman*, retrieved his family fortunes by living in seclusion when he came of age. The brilliant dialogue of the play is said to be no unfair echo of his own brilliant conversation.

—In San Francisco recently were married MANVILLE THARP and Mrs. EUNICE TEACHANT, both septuagenarians, the groom being seventy-nine and the bride seventy-one years old. They were engaged a half-century ago in Central New York. Mr. THARP emigrated to Ohio and married there, and his sweetheart also consoled herself with marriage. He lost his wife, she her husband, and within a few months they renewed their old acquaintance. They are now spending their honey-moon in the orange groves of southern California.

—The Japanese will probably soon permit foreigners to dwell and do business in any part of the empire. When this occurs, a foreign language will be necessary to supplement the native language for official purposes, and it is said that the Mikado and the leading statesmen favor the English, which has long been used in the Orient.

—Mrs. GEORGE T. LANIGAN, the widow of the late GEORGE T. LANIGAN, well known for his "fables" and brilliant newspaper work, has accepted a position on the Philadelphia *Record*, the last paper for which Mr. LANIGAN wrote, and whose proprietor never forgets those who have once been in his employ.

—A Yale graduate, after reading in a daily paper that Harvard College had received a legacy of $400,000 for the benefit of needy students, expressed a wish that Yale College might receive a similar legacy for the increase of the salaries of its faithful professors; and he never could understand why some rich alumnus had not made such a provision.

—A noteworthy visitor to San Francisco recently was Captain JOHNNY, an old Yuma Indian chief, who had spent a few days there, fifty years ago, before a house was built on the present site. He is nearly eighty years old, but he still walks erect and firm, and appears to be in perfect health. He was received kindly by General HOWARD, and was entertained by trips around the harbor and visits to the forts.

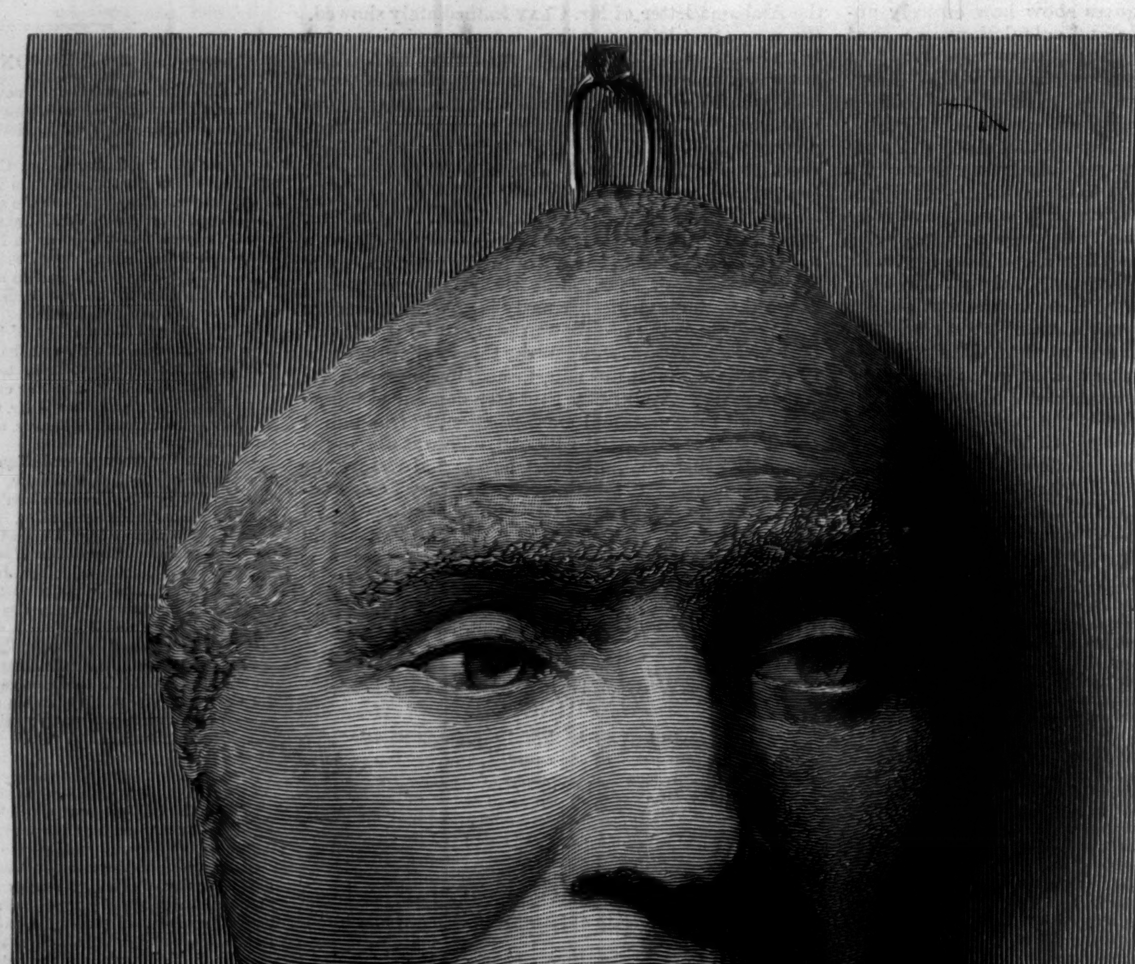
THE MASK OF WASHINGTON.

Rome, *January* 30.—In the year 1785 the State of Virginia resolved that a statue of **George Washington** should be made at the expense of the State, and placed in the Capitol at Richmond; and as there was at that time no sculptor in the United States of sufficient note to intrust with this commission, the Governor was empowered to employ some artist in Europe to execute it. He accordingly wrote to **Benjamin Franklin** and **Thomas Jefferson**, who were then in France, and requested them to apply to Mr. **Houdon**, one of the chief sculptors in that country. Mr. **Houdon** willingly accepted the commission, and in consequence accompanied **Franklin** on his return to the United States in September, 1785, in order to see **Washington** and to make the necessary studies for his work. On their arrival in America **Franklin** wrote the following letter to **Washington**, who was then at Mount Vernon:

> "Philadelphia, *September* 20, 1785.
>
> "Dear Sir,—I am just arrived from a country where the reputation of General **Washington** runs very high, and where everybody wishes to see him in person; but being told that it is not likely that he will ever favour them with a visit, they hope at least for a sight of his perfect resemblance by means of their principal statuary, M. **Houdon**, whom Mr. **Jefferson** and myself agreed with to come over for the purpose of taking a bust in order to make the intended statue for the State of Virginia. He is here, but the materials and instruments he sent down the Seine from Paris not being arrived when we sailed, he was obliged to leave them, and is now busied in supplying himself here. As soon as that is done he purposes to wait on you in Virginia, as he understands there is no prospect of your coming hither, which, indeed, would make me very happy, as it would give me the opportunity of congratulating with you personally on the final success of your long and painful labours in the service of our country, which have laid us all under eternal obligations.
>
> "With the greatest and most sincere esteem and respect, I am, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,
>
> "B. Franklin."

To this letter **Washington** responded as follows:

> "Mount Vernon, *September* 26, 1785.
>
> "I had just written, and was about to put into the hands of Mr. **Taylor** (a gentleman in the department of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs) the enclosed letter, when I had the honour to receive your favour of the 20th instant.
>
> "I have a grateful sense of the partiality of the French nation towards me; and I feel very sensibly for the indulgent expression of your letter, which does me great honour.
>
> "When it suits Mr. **Houdon** to come hither, I will accommodate him in the best manner I am able, and shall endeavour to render his stay as agreeable as I can.
>
> "It would give me infinite pleasure to see you at this place. I dare not look for it, though to entertain you under my own roof would be doubly gratifying. When, or whether ever, I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you at Philadelphia is incertain, as retirement from the walks of public life has not been so productive of that leisure and ease as might have been expected.
>
> "With great esteem and respect, I am, dear sir, your most obedient, humble servant,
>
> "Geo. Washington."



HOUDON'S MASK OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. W. W. STORY.—From a Photograph.

In compliance with this invitation, **Houdon** went to Mount Vernon in October, and remained there for a fortnight — or three weeks, as Mr. **Sparks** says in his *Life of Washington*. Here he took the plastic mask from **Washington's** face, and here probably he modelled his well-known bust; but this latter fact does not seem to be so sure. That he intended to model his bust is pretty clear, and the fact that he remained at Mount Vernon for at least a fortnight would seem to corroborate the belief that he did execute a bust from life. But perhaps the absence of the necessary "materials and instruments" spoken of in **Franklin's** letter may have prevented him from carrying out his intention. At all events, it is difficult to understand why, if he then modelled this bust, he should have opened the eyes of the mask which he undoubtedly then took, as this would have been quite unnecessary when he could have better studied and modelled the eyes from **Washington** himself in the bust. What adds to the doubt on this question is that the bust itself bears such very strong marks of having been modelled chiefly from the mask, and is, in fact, only a weak reproduction of it. They can scarcely be compared together without its being very apparent that the mask was absolutely relied upon—and copied. It is quite possible that he took a calc or impression in clay from the mask, then touched it in some particulars from life; but if he did so, he certainly did not improve upon the mask, but, on the contrary, weakened it in character and expression, and lost its firmness and vitality.

Another strong indication against the supposition that this bust was modelled from life at Mount Vernon is to be found in the treatment of the hair and the nudity of the neck and shoulders. The question of costume and of the dress in which the full-length statue was to be clothed was much debated at the time, and after long consideration it was finally decided that **Washington** should be represented in the military dress he actually wore, and that in all respects the statue should be made to conform to his height and measurements as well as to his bearing and attitude. This being the case, it is difficult to see why **Houdon**, if he executed the bust at Mount Vernon which was to serve as the model for the full-length statue, should not have availed himself of the opportunity of copying **Washington's** costume and his mode of dressing his hair, instead of making a nude bust. This certainly he did not do. He not only omitted all consideration of the dress, but in the treatment of the hair his bust differs entirely from the portraits of **Washington** by **Peale**, **Stuart**, and **Trumbull**, as well as from the bust made from life by **Corucchi**. Now both **Stuart** and **Trumbull** were perfectly familiar with **Washington**, and both painted his portrait repeatedly, and it is difficult to believe that in the matter of the hair or wig they falsified the actual facts.

It has undoubtedly been stated by various writers that **Houdon** made a bust at Mount Vernon, but little reliance can be placed on such statements, as the terms bust and mask are easily confounded by careless persons, and the term bust is very commonly applied to what properly should be called a mask. However, whether or not this bust was made at Mount Vernon, or whether or not it was taken from life directly, or only from the mask, though modelled in clay at Mount Vernon, there is no question that the mask itself was there made from the living face of **Washington**, and that therefore it is the most absolute and authentic representation of the actual forms and features of his face that exists. In all respects any portrait which materially differs from it must be wrong. Ordinarily, indeed, a mask from the living face, though it repeats exactly the true forms of the original, lacks the spirit and expression of the real person. But this is not always the case. The more mobile and variable is the face, the more the mask loses; the more set and determined the character and expression, the more perfectly the mask reproduces it. Now **Washington's** face was not a mobile one. It was firm and singularly set in its expression, and the mask taken by **Houdon** is remarkably good and characteristic, and bears internal marks of absolute truth, not only to the forms, but to the strong and determined character of the man who led us triumphantly through the Revolution, and impressed himself so strongly upon all who came in contact with him. The portraits by **Stuart** compared with it are flabby and undetermined in character. The bust by **Houdon** is weak. The best portrait by **Trumbull** has more spirit and character, though perhaps it may be less exact to nature in its features. **Stuart** himself repeatedly said that in all respects in which his portraits differed from **Houdon's** bust the latter was the more correct in form; and this was undoubtedly the case, for **Houdon's** bust was modelled plainly on the mask, though it is inferior to it in character and power. Mr. **Dunlap**, in his *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, says that "**Stuart** said that he found more difficulty attending his attempt to express the character of **Washington** on his canvas than in any of his efforts before or since." Interesting and valuable as his portraits of **Washington** are, they are by no means even among his best, freest, and most characteristic works. He was evidently hampered and ill at ease during these sittings, and could neither do justice to his own extraordinary powers as a portrait-painter, nor to his sitter. He had another difficulty, besides that of being nervous and overawed by the presence of **Washington**, growing out of the fact that **Washington's** teeth were gone, and the false set which he used annoyed him, and altered the expression of his mouth.

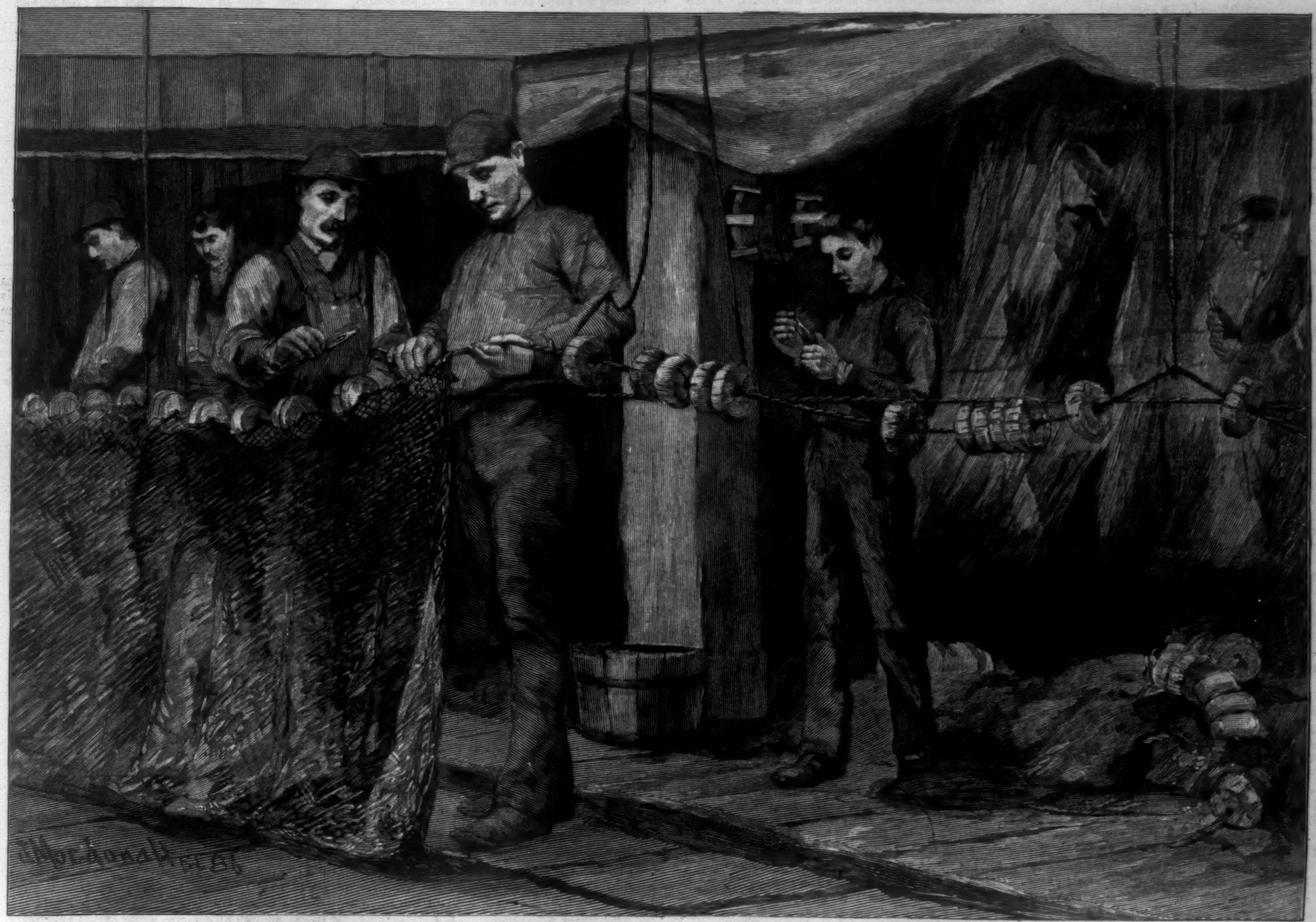
The taking of a mask from life is never a pleasant operation, and **Washington** submitted to it with great unwillingness. It was not the first time that it had been taken, and he had before had an unpleasant experience. Two years previously, in 1783, **Joseph Wright** had been commissioned to make a plastic mould from his face to serve for a statue to be executed by some foreign sculptor. This he did, and successfully; but in his trepidation, after removing it from **Washington's** face, he let it drop, and it was dashed to pieces on the floor and irretrievably ruined. Vainly Mr. **Wright** begged for a second trial. **Washington** had had enough of it, and absolutely refused. He probably felt as **Haydon** says the Duke of Wellington did when **Baily**, the English sculptor, came late at a sitting, and the great Duke "lifted both hands above his white head and cursed all sculptors and painters, declaring he had sat four hundred thousand times to artists."

When **Houdon** took his mask of **Washington** the scene must have been somewhat of a piece with this. If accounts are to be trusted, he was very lively and energetic in his expressions of disgust, and vehemently declared that it was the last time he would ever submit to such an operation. Indeed, he used language on this, as on other occasions, not precisely in accordance with the dignity of history, and for myself I confess I sympathize with him, and am glad he did.

I am sorry to say that I cannot here find any book containing the details of that scene; but my impression is that **Jefferson** has given some which are exceedingly piquant, and that there are also letters from **Washington** relating to the taking of this mask, expressing in a more dignified manner his annoyance at the whole proceeding.

The statue by **Houdon** in Richmond is understood to be a representation of the great height and proportions of **Washington**, he having taken the measures of **Washington** at Mount Vernon. Whether they actually are would seem to be questionable, as **Gouverneur Morris** when in Paris states in his diary that he stood for this statue, as a model, at **Houdon's** request. On his return to Paris to execute this statue, **Houdon** carried with him the mask, which he retained during his life; on his death it was bought at a public sale of **Houdon's** things by Mr. **Robert Walsh**, of Philadelphia, who carried it to America with him on his return from France. Shortly before his death he either sold or presented it to **John Strutters or Struthers**, who was then working in marble in Philadelphia, and some of whose descendants are, I believe, still engaged in the same business. He presented it to Mr. **Ferdinand Pettrich** a German sculptor who was then in America, and had been employed by the government to execute various works, and among them a statue of **Washington**. Mr. **Pettrich** afterward left the United States, went to South America, thence to Germany, and finally, when an old man, came to Rome, where during the latter portion of his life he exercised his profession. It was here that I first saw it. The old artist set a high value upon it, and though offers of considerable sums were made to him for it, he steadily refused to part with it. There was something comical as well as affecting

[*Continued on page* 146.]



A SEINE LOFT.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 147.]

"A WINTER PASSAGE."—From the Painting by F. Bassford.—[See Page 146.]

THE MASK OF WASHINGTON.

[*Continued from page 144.*]

in the reverent way in which he spoke of it, and exhibited it to those who went to his studio. It was his great battle horse, which he led out on all occasions to distinguished visitors for their admiration, and when, as sometimes occurred, his studio was visited by eminent or royal personages, he would, as a mark of his highest deference and consideration, tear out from the mask one of the many hairs which had adhered thereto in removing the mould from Washington's face, and solemnly present it as a most valuable relic of "our goot Vashington," as he always called him. When I first saw the mask there were a great number of hairs on it, but gradually they have nearly all disappeared, though a few still remain. Mr. Pettrich in his old age became very poor, and I was able to be of assistance to him. Through my efforts a purse was made up for him among the artists and other Americans in Rome. For this he was very grateful, and on his death-bed at Palestrina, where he spent his last days, he requested his wife to bring me the mask, saying that it was all he had to leave her, and that he desired that I should become the possessor of it. She accordingly, after his death, brought it to me, and I bought it.

Mr. Pettrich left in the box containing the mask a memorandum signed by him, and dated 1839, in which he gives the history of the mask from the time it was taken until it came into his hands, and from this I have drawn the foregoing statements. There can be no question as to the absolute authenticity of the mask, therefore, historically, if any authentication were necessary beyond that contained in the mask itself. To any one who sees it and compares it with Houdon's bust, no authentication is needed. It carries its own proof with it.

There has never been a mould or cast taken from it, to my knowledge or belief. It has been preserved with great care, and is remarkable for its character and expression. In fact, it is, of all the representations of Washington, the only one which answers to the universal impression left upon all who came in contact with Washington of his dignity, power, and self-contained grandeur of character. I have seen it stated in various papers that there are casts from this mask. One of these so-called casts was exhibited to me in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. On examination it proved only to be a calc or cast of the face of Houdon's bust, of no value in itself, and taken from a worn-out copy of the bust. I have no doubt that all other pretended masks of Washington will be found to be similar reproductions from the bust. This mask has not been reproduced, and no other mask exists. Mr. Pettrich made a number of busts of Washington from this mask while it was in his possession, but he was not an artist of great ability, and these busts are not accurate reproductions of the mask.*

I have preserved with the greatest care this mask—which I hold to be a most valuable possession—and two years ago I determined to make from it a bust, in which all the forms and character of the mask should be given with the utmost scrupulousness and care of which I was capable, even to its minutest indications. The dress and the mode of arranging the hair I took from Trumbull's portrait, as being probably more correct and true to life than any other. Stuart did not even attempt to paint his military dress, and in fact in all matters of dress and costume Stuart is not to be relied upon. So careless was he in these matters that he often allowed his daughter to paint in the dresses in his portraits. Trumbull, on the contrary, was a soldier and an intimate friend of Washington, as well as an able and accurate artist. In all the details of the military dress of the period he was naturally at home, and in all these subordinate matters is probably more to be trusted than any other person who ever painted Washington. This dress, too, is singularly picturesque, and preferable to the civil costume of the period, in which he is represented in Stuart's full-length portrait. Besides, it is at least very doubtful whether Stuart ever painted this dress from Washington himself.

I have followed to my utmost ability the exact forms and features of the mask, as I have said, and if the mask is to be depended upon, as it undoubtedly is, then I claim that this bust is more true, at least to the facts of his face, than any other portrait that exists. The only liberty I have taken is in regard to the eyes, which both in Stuart's and Houdon's work are sleepy and inexpressive, while in Trumbull's portraits they have more life and vivacity. Still I have kept to them as closely as possible. For my own part, I have never been able to see in either Houdon's or Stuart's portraits that character, power, and dignity which certainly belonged to Washington, and which alone account for the extraordinary personal impression which he exerted upon all who came within his influence.

W. W. Story.

A WINTER PASSAGE.

The captain of the liner of half a century ago always dreaded the winter passage from New York to Liverpool. When the wind blew heavy he clewed up everything, struck his topmasts, set a scant storm-sail or so, and "took it." To-day, the steamer on her winter passage is indifferent to howling blasts or rough seas, but puts her head to the wind, even if it be in her teeth, and, by steam-power, hurls defiance at the storm. If the weather be very heavy, differing from the sailing craft of old, the steamer does far more than to hold her own. Foot by foot, mile by mile, she struggles against the gale. All that human skill has devised is to be found in the ponderous engines which keep her on her course. There is the power which carries her out of the storm centre until she reaches less disagreeable weather. Still some of these winter passages, though perfectly safe, are not pleasant. Seas thunder against the hulk, and the good ship trembles. It may be bitter cold, and the spray which falls on the deck is at once converted into ice. Then the captain is not seen at the head of the cabin table. It may be snug below, and all the comforts of the passengers attended to as usual, but every officer and engineer is at his post of duty. The experience of years, which ship-builder and mechanician have devoted to vessel and engine, is never at fault. Complicated as is the whole machine, there is no single screw, bolt, or rivet that does not withstand the stress put on it. Insurance statistics show triumphantly that the steamer of to-day is a far better risk to take than the sailing ship of yore.

BALLA.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF A PAST GENERATION.

I.—BALLA REFUSES HIS FREEDOM.

"Niggers 'ain't got no business bein' free nohow. Dee tells me dem Yankees is fightin' ter free we all, an' 'fore Gord me 'n' my fambly ain't nuver gwine ter lef Marse William, 'ceppin' he sells us, which I lay nobody ain't a-gwine ter do long ez he's livin'."

It was a short time before daybreak, and the speaker, a negro who might have been fifty or even sixty years old, was rubbing down a fine horse. All around were the tents of a large army, and the command camped about the old man was evidently artillery. The guns and caissons were limbered up, and the cannon horses were harnessed, as though ready for an early start. Couriers were riding by now and then, showing that something was stirring in the camps. As the old man cleaned his horses he would talk to himself and his charges.

"You better try 'n' bite me, you good-fur-nuthin' rascal, an' see ef I don't mek yer sorry for't. Whoa, Bill. Better eat yer feed, fer Gord knows when you's gwine ter git 'nother one. Marse William's ole 'nuff fer ter be in he baid at home, whar ole mist'ess, he ma, kin tek keer on him, an' here he's got ter be a-fightin' same ez he uz a boy. Dese here Grymeses allus uz powerful quick ter fight, an' ez soon ez our folks heerd o' de Yankees a-comin' ter tek Richmun, 'tweren't no time 'fore Marse William had he comp'ny a-marchin', an' we'z bin a-marchin' ever sence. Dee tells me some o' dese here guv'ment folks made a mighty 'miration 'bout all dem swingletrees an' trace chains an' hemstrings, an' sich like, whar Marse William kep on a-axin' fer down at Yorktown, an' dee do say Gen'l Begruder, when he heerd it, cussed an' sed Cap'n Grymes uz wuth more'n all dem guv'ment folks at Richmun put tergither, an' we's got all we's axed fer sence."

He stopped rubbing the horse called Bill, and stepped back a few feet to look at his handiwork in the dim light.

"Dyah now. You's clean ez a new pin, an' Marse William hisself ain't a-gwine ter fin' no fault, dough he is de perticklerest man 'bout he horse an' bridle an' saddle I's ever seed. Meks no diffunce ef he's a-gwine inter a fight, hit's all de same ez dough he uz a-gwine a-co'tin' Miss Bettie. Lord, don't I mind dem times! an' weren't me an' Marse William de likeliest o' all dem folks whar useter travel 'long dat gret road 'twixt we all's house an' Taylor's Creek? Dem days has all done gone, an' me 'n' my marster is here a-sleepin' in tents an' eatin' sich vittles ez my chilluns 'ain't nuver eat sence I kin reckelleck; an' wuss 'n all dat, we's 'bleeged ter fight, an' I 'ain't been use ter no sich doin's. I 'spec' we'z gwine ter have some kin' o' wuk dis day ez we all 'ain't nuver seed 'fore dis, an' 'gainst Marse William gits done he prayin' an' readin' I's gwine ter have all he things fixed fer movin'."

"Balla!" some one called from the nearest tent.

"Suh!" the old negro replied, prolonging the word. And then he added, "Done yer prayin' an' readin' same ez yer ma, my ole mist'ess?"

This was said in a low tone as he tied the halter of the horse Bill, and gathered together his well-worn curry-comb, his brush from which the hairs were almost gone, and an old ragged cloth. These Balla kept as something sacred. He went on soliloquizing: "Allus does pray, but ef he prays more'n common, an' reads dat ole Bible he ma gin him, I knows dat we's a-gwine ter see a hot time, an' I gits he things ready same ez he uz a-gwine ter Fork Chu'ch." After he had secured his horse, and placed his treasures away where the other servants could not get them, he went toward the tent from which had issued the voice that called him. He looked toward the east, where dawn had not yet appeared. "Hit's 'bout er hour 'fore day, an' I knows 'tis by dat star, an' I lay my ole ooman Liddy is a stirrin' roun' 'bout fur ter mek er fire in de braid oven 'gainst her dough teks hits secon' rise. Gord knows I wish I uz dar, 'stid o' here 'mongst dese here guns. But what ud Marse William do ef 'tweren't fer me? An' dem horses! I 'clar', 'fore Gord, dese here niggers what Marse William's officers is got is de triflin'est set I's ever seed. Look at dat horse o' Cap'n Woolfork's! He 'ain't bin cleaned fur more'n a fortnit, I lay."

"Balla."

"I'm comin', suh," he answered; and then added, in a low voice, "jes ez fast ez dese here ole legs kin tote me."

Balla reached the tent at last. He had not quickened his steps at all since he left his horses, and had looked with a critical eye at every animal that he passed. No sin was so great in his sight as that of a hostler who allowed his charge to leave the stable with a coat that did not shine, as he would say, "like Grace."

He lifted the flap of the tent and stood waiting for his master to notice him. Inside was an elderly man, reading a small Bible by a tallow dip candle. He was so occupied that he did not seem to be aware of the presence of the negro. But presently a slight movement of the tent attracted his attention. Then he stood up and spoke. "Come in, Balla; I wish to speak to you."

The officer wore a colonel's uniform, and looked every inch a soldier. He was about five feet ten inches high, but his erect and slight figure made him look much taller. The striking features of his face were his eyes and mouth. His eyes were a very deep blue, and shone now with a light that was evidently the result of his devotions. His mouth was hid by no beard, though he wore whiskers on the side of his face. The lips were thin, and seemed to be pressed firmly against his teeth. But they were capable of a very winning smile as they broke into graceful curves, and showed a gleaming set of teeth when he spoke to the old negro. His hair was brushed back on the head, leaving his fine forehead exposed to full view, as was the fashion long ago. He still held his Bible in his hand, and on it was the name, "William Grymes, 1847, from his father." The tent held but few articles of furniture. There was no cot, and the only evidences of a bed were some blankets spread on the ground over straw. But everything showed neatness. On a pine pole resting upon two forked sticks driven in the ground was a saddle, and over this the blanket and bridle were placed with the utmost care. Certainly Colonel Grymes was no carpet-knight.

"I want to speak to you, Balla, before the command moves. Are the horses ready?"

"Yes, suh. Which horse is yer gwine ter ride—Bill or Nina?"

"Which is in the best order?"

"Dee's bof in de bes' order, if 'tweren't fer Bill bein' sort o' skittish 'bout guns."

"I did not ask you about guns, and I think I can handle Bill, even if he has to hear some guns to-day."

"Dyah now, dat horse gwine ter ketch it." This was said in an undertone, for Bill was his favorite. Balla had handled this horse ever since he was foaled, and now the old man wished to save his pet from being hurt in a battle.

"We are going to have a fight with the enemy, and I want to tell you what to do in case I am killed." The colonel spoke with as even a voice as though he were giving orders for the ploughing of a field.

"What, suh?" said Balla, coming inside the tent, and taking off his cap. "Killed? Dee ain't gwine ter kill you, Marse William, is dee? Good Gord! what 'll de ole mist'ess say if she sees me an' Bill a-ridin' fum de big gate, an' you daid? I nuver did hear no sich talk."

"But I am not dead, and I expect to go home again. I may be shot at any time; so listen while I can tell you about my affairs." The colonel spoke impatiently.

"I hears you, Marse William; but I don't like no sich talk. Me 'n' Bill gwine home all by ourselves! What ud Liddy say?"

The colonel cleared his throat before speaking, and then laid his Bible at the head of his rude couch. As he did this he smoothed the blankets under which he had slept, and brushed some dust he seemed to see about the bedclothes.

"Balla, I've thought about you lately, and of your constant faithfulness to me; and now that I am about to go into another battle, where the artillery are going to have hard work, I want to tell you what I have arranged to do for you and your children to show you how much I think of you." The colonel paused to clear his throat. Balla looked at his master with his curiosity excited.

"What is Marse William gwine ter do?" he muttered to himself.

"The war may last a long time. If the Yankees whip us, of course you know that I may no longer own you."

"Hi, Marse William, you ain't a-gwine ter sell we all?"

"Of course not; but the Yankees will not let us own you."

"Dee kyahnt hender me 'n Liddy and we all chilluns from belongin' ter you an' ole mist'ess;" and Balla shook his head by way of emphasis.

"We'll not talk about that before it comes, and I pray God we may not be whipped. But all these things are in His hands." The colonel covered his face with his hands for a moment, and his lips moved as though he was praying.

"Dee ain't a-gwine ter beat we all ef prayin' kin hender," Balla said to himself. "Ole mistess sayin' her pra'rs 'fore breakfast, an' 'fore dinner, an' 'fore de folks gwine ter baid, an' Marse William prayin' all de time; 'pears ter me like Gord ez 'bleeged ter tek keer'n we all army."

"Did you speak?" the colonel asked, as he raised his head.

"No, suh; I 'ain't sed nuthin'."

"If we are successful, whether I am alive or not, I shall give you your freedom and let you go to a Free State."

Balla stared at the colonel in utter amazement, and dropped both hands down by his side, letting his cap fall on the ground. "I do declar', 'fore Gord, ef dat don' beat all I ever heerd! Gwine ter sot me free, an' Liddy, an' all we chilluns? Sot we all *free!* What's I bin a-doin', Marse William, ter mek you say you's gwine ter sot me free? I axes you dat, Marse William."

"Done? You've been as faithful as ever a servant was, and I want to show you how much I prize your faithfulness."

"Jes hear what I's gwine ter say, den, Marse William: who de fust boy what you ever played wid? I axes you dat."

"Why, you. What has that to do with your freedom?"

"Jes hear me, Marse William. Who de boy whar holped you cotch ole marster's horse, an' allus rode behime you fum de barn ter de house?"

"You, of course."

"Den hear me. Who's de man what druv de big kerridge ever sence ole George tuk a fool notion ter hire hese'f an' lef' we all? Hit's me. An' I know eve'y rut in de gret road; an' I kin drive fum de depot, er ter Fork Chu'ch, er ter Googelan', whar Miss Ferginia live, wid my eyes shet; you knows I kin, Marse William. I calls you marster now, but Gord knows I called you William widout de marster er thousan' times. I don't fergit nuthin'—no, suh. Hit 'pears like 'twas yestiddy when you sent fer me 'n' kearpenter William ter mek ole marster's coffin, an' you tuk an' put all dat white stuff in dyah, an' dat black alpacky all roun' hit, an' we all holped lay him in dyah. I druv him myse'f all de way ter Fork Chu'ch on de runnin'-gear o' de ole buggy, wid ole mist'ess in de gret kerridge behime, lookin' like she done seed de Lord Jesus, an' singin' sof' ter herse'f. I kin hear her now a-axin' me ef de road thu Mountoo,* whar Marse Lannon Buckley live, uz de bes' way; an' her voice was ez clar ez dough 'tweren't ole marster what uz daid an' she uz studyin' 'bout. I kin see you dat day, Marse William, a-ridin' White Charley 'long in front o' we all, jes like I seed you a-ridin' in front o' dem guns on Jeemses River when we all shot at dem Yankee ships. I knows all 'bout you, an' I is one o' you all, jes de same ez ef I uz named Grymes. We all's bin quality ever sence folks knowed us. Dee 'ain't been no po' white trash 'mongst us; an' 'fore Gord dee ain't none o' we all bin free niggers. Dyah's dat nigger Sully, what married 'Liza. We 'ain't nuver liked her sence. He ain't nuthin' but a free nigger nohow; an' I 'ain't nuver seed huccum she marry him 'stid o' Little Davy, whar's de bigges' an' likelies' han' on de place. Dat's what I's got ter say. We's bin quality, an' bless de Lord I ain't no free nigger; an' my Liddy an' we all chilluns is jes like me; an' we's gwine ter b'long ter Oaklan' an' de Grymeses jes ez long ez de good Lord lets we all live."

"Well, Balla, this is a curious idea. Where did you get it?"

"I 'ain't got it nowhar. Hit's growed up wid me, same ez dem yuther notions I has—same as all quality folks has."

"Then you refuse your freedom?"

"I don't know nuthin' 'bout freedom. Hit's de ole place whar you 'n' me uz born an' raised same ez two colts, an' de folks whar I's been use ter —hit's home, Marse William, dat's it—hit's my home, an' we all's home, same ez 'tis your ma's home. Hit's home. Dat's de wud I uz wantin'."

"Remember, then, that I offered you freedom, and you refused it."

"Is you got hit sot down in writin', same ez ole marster sot we all's name down at de co't-house when he died?"

"Yes, it's in writing."

"Whar's de paper?"

The colonel took a paper from his camp chest, and handed it to Balla.

"Dish yere paper sots me free, Marse William?"

"That sets you and your family free."

"An' we ain't 'bleeged ter be free onless we all chooses?"

"No," said the colonel, wishing to humor his favorite slave in his curious fancy.

"Den we all don't choose ter be free, an' de paper's done tored up." The old man tore the paper into small fragments, and then stooped down and picked up his cap. "You's gwine ter ride Nina ter-day?" The remark was meant for a question, but there was a slight expression of command in it also.

"Yes, Balla, I'll try Nina; but have Bill ready, for I may need him before the day is done."

The negro went out talking to himself. "I's gwine ter have him ready, my young marster, an' I's gwine ter have him nigher ter de big guns dan you thinks, an' ef Balla kyahnt hol' him, I lay 'tain't nobody whar kin."

He went to his horses, and soon had them both saddled, with bridles hanging on the saddles ready to be put on. He petted them both, but to Bill he was as gentle as a mother with her child.

"You got wuk ter do, honey, so eat dat las' mouful in de trough. I don' like de look in Marse William's eye. I seed dem Grymeses 'fore ter-day, when de Lord uz talkin' wid 'em, an' dee looks de same ez dem angels in de big picter up in de parlor at Oaklan'. S'posin' he gits hu't, what den? Who's gwine ter tek keer on him, when dem yuther folks is shootin' at de Yankees? I lay 'tain't nobody studyin' 'bout nuthin' den 'ceppin' hese'f. Dat's hit. He wants Bill nigh ter de fight. Bill kyahn't be dyah 'ceppin' I teks him dyah. 'Fore de Lord, hit's jes de p'int I uz a-comin' at, an' Liddy say I uz a mighty keen nigger fer studyin' 'bout Marse William. When Marse William is a-fightin', Balla is gwine ter be nigh nuff ter tek keer on him ef he gits hu't. Sot me free! Umph! What ud he do widout me 'n' Liddy?"

II.—THE FIGHT.

Across the field, leaving behind a dark wake in the golden waves of ripening grain, leaping and bounding over ditches, go Grymes's guns.

Orders have been sent to the colonel that he must hasten to the support of the infantry which are defending the crest of a hill. The cavalry of the enemy are forming in dense columns in the valley beyond, and the charge will soon be made. From the opposite hills cannon that have found the range are dealing deadly blows to the Confederates. Anxiously the infantry are awaiting the approach of Grymes and his eager veterans. Up the hill the guns are going now, reeling first to right and then to left, lifting high from the ground the spinning wheels of cannon and caisson, almost throwing the gunners from their seats. Now the crest is reached. The low, rude breastworks of the infantry, behind which they find some protection, are but a hinderance to the artillery, so the colonel orders his men to clear away the earth-covered pine logs and brush. The enemy have seen the re-enforcements, and here comes a shell, and bursts where four men are plying pick and shovel and axe. Only one man keeps on with his work.

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* Among the most interesting of Mr. Pettrich's works are a series of terra-cotta portraits in bust and full length of American Indians. This collection ought to belong to the United States, but though repeatedly offered to them by the artist, the government refused to purchase them. Mr. Pettrich then brought them to Rome, and presented them to the Pope Pius IX., who graciously accepted them, gave them a place in the Museum of St. John Lateran, in Rome, where they now are, and assigned to the artist during his life a pension.

* For "Mon Tout," the name of an estate in Virginia.

"Don't want no artillery in mine, Bill," says an infantryman, from his slight protection, as he watches the commander getting the guns into play. He is an old friend and neighbor of the colonel's.

Colonel Grymes is directing the fire of the first battery in place. All too eager, the men aim wide of the forming cavalry. "Steady, boys," he says, with scarce a tremor in his voice, "and lower your range."

Soon twelve guns are answering in deep thundering tones the enemy's cannon, and the cavalry below show signs of discomfiture.

The artillery horses are at the foot of the hill, behind the guns, and there among them, holding the bridle of his pet, stands Balla. He can see the work that is being done above them.

"I knowed hit uz comin'; an' dyah dee is, on top o' dat dyah hill, a-wukin' same ez de cradlers at we all's house in harves'-time. Dish yere horse wants water; an' I lay Marse William ud like a drink out o' de spring at Oakland. Look at all dish yere wheat done trompled down like hit bin wallered on! Hi! what's dat?" he exclaimed. A shell flew high over their heads, and buried itself beyond them. It burst at once, and threw dirt and wheat high in the air. Evidently another battery was beginning to play on the Confederates. "Hit's one o' dem shells, an' bless de Lord hit's done drop fur nuff from we all not to hu't nobody. Lay dyah, honey, an' spit an' sputtle. I hopes you feels better sence you's done bust open. Whoa, Bill! 'tain't gwine ter hu't you. Look at de marster at de top o' de hill, and bless de Lord we's here 'mongst de yuther horses whar shells ain't gwine ter say howdee too familious like. De smoke 'mos' hides de guns, but dyah's Marse William. I kin tell him by de way he hol' he haid, an' walk so easy 'mongst de men, jes like he uz 'mongst de han's at de barn. Dem off guns is gittin' mons'ous short o' men. Lord o' mussy! look a-yonder! ef dee ain't totin' daid mens down de hill same ez ef 'twuz at hog-killin' time! Dyah's Marse William; I jes kin see him thu de smoke. Dish yere noise is gittin' wuss an' wuss. What's dee gwine ter do now? Dyah's Marse William, all by hese'f, a-walkin' 'mongst Cap'n Massie's guns, an' de men's a-lyin' down. Is dee all daid? An' is he gwine ter fight dese Yankees all by he lone se'f? I knowed he's rembanctious ez a game rooster, but, 'fore Gord, he kyahn't fight de whole Yankee army! Dee's at it agin. I 'low he uz jes spellin' 'em, same ez he spells he cradlers in de wheat fiel', an' I wonder dee don't holler, 'Cool water!' same ez we all does in de harves'. Hol' on, man! what's dat? All de men done daid at dat off gun, an' dyah's two o' de officers a-loadin' an' firin'; an' hit's Miss Ferginny's Hugh Thomas, we all sarjum-major, an' de yuther one is—'fore Gord, hit's Marse William hese'f, an' I kyahn't stan' hit no longer. Here, gemman, hol' dat horse, an' hol' him tight, I tell yer; I's 'bleeged ter go help my young marster tote dem cannon-balls."

Throwing the bridle into the man's hand, Balla hurried up the hill to where Colonel Grymes and another officer were serving a gun on the right of the battery. Not a man who had come into the fight with this section was left.

All begrimed with smoke of battle, the men did not think it strange to see a fellow whose face was as black as theirs bring a round of cartridge. Any help was welcome now. Forming right under the hill were the cavalry, who, in spite of the destructive fire which up to this time had kept them in confusion, determined to make a desperate charge. The bugle was sounding, and the men were coming on by platoons.

"Fire low, boys. Give them canister. Quick, man, with the cartridges!" says the colonel, as he wipes his gun with the sponge.

"Yere 'tis, Marse William. Dee's comin' 'fore you kin fire."

The colonel looked up, surprised by the voice of his servant. "How came you to leave the camp?"

"Yer see, Marse William—"

"Never mind now. Ram her home! Lower the muzzle, Hugh Thomas! Fire!"

Every gun does its duty, and the ground trembles. The cavalry column breaks into wild confusion as the storm of iron hail tears it to pieces. But a few bold riders come on, and before the guns can be reloaded they are in the midst of them. Hand to hand is the work now. The infantry rally to the support, but the cannoneers are fighting with pistol, sword, and gun-staff. Balla is watching his master. Here comes an officer, the commander of the charging column, riding at the colonel. Balla grasps a rammer, and steps close to his master. "'Fore Gord, he kyahn't hu't Marse William ef I kin hender."

The colonel is encouraging his men, and does not see the danger coming.

"Git back, Marse William!" cries Balla; and thrusts the colonel aside as the cavalryman makes a cut with his sabre.

"Out of the way, you black scoundrel!" cries the officer in blue; and Balla has seized the bridle of the horse. Before he can defend himself, the sabre sweeps through the air again, and falls with a dull sound on his devoted head. At the same moment a pistol is fired, and the rider falls headlong by the side of the negro. The tide of battle sweeps down the hill toward the Union line, and Confederate infantry move forward and drive the enemy back.

Litter-bearers are soon taking the wounded away, and by order of the colonel they bear Balla to the rear, as though he were a soldier of the line. "Take him to the hospital, and tell my surgeon to see that he receives every possible attention."

The colonel gives these directions, and looks after them as they go down the hill. A shell flies over their heads, drops among the horses, and men and animals are piled in a confused mass. Bill, the pride of Balla's heart, is down among a heap of dead and dying.

III.—BALLA IS SET FREE.

Night wrapped her friendly covering about the hostile forces, and the weary soldiers were soon asleep.

The artillery had suffered heavily on both sides. Grymes's batteries were still firing now and then, feeling the woods in front. From every point camp fires soon glowed like candle flies, and after a while the slow booming of the cannon and the intermittent rattle of the skirmish line were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the night. Men lay in profoundest slumber, while above them, and sometimes in their very midst, passed groaning shot and shell. Even sweet dreams blessed the sleepers, and hunger and weariness and sore wounds were forgotten in that rest that was so welcome after the fierce fight.

As soon as the colonel could leave his command he found Balla at a field hospital not far behind the lines. The surgeon pronounced the wound fatal. The sabre had cut deeply. Balla had lain in an unconscious state ever since he had been borne from the fight, and gave no sign of recognition when the colonel spoke to him. His mutterings were about his home, his wife, and his children. Something about those he loved was troubling him. By-and-by the words became more intelligible, and the mind seemed to be working more clearly. The pressure upon the brain was being relieved, and the senses were resuming their functions. But as thought returned the strength of the body was going.

"How long will he live?" asked the colonel.

"But a short time," answered the doctor. "The mind may come back before he dies, but with our poor means for treating such wounds of the head, I see no chance to save him."

The colonel took Balla's hand and stroked it tenderly. "Poor fellow! I little thought when I spoke to you this morning that it would be you who would die so soon."

The voice of his master stirred the dying man's senses, so that there was a struggle for consciousness. Presently the eyes began to wear a natural look, and wandered about until they rested on the face that bent over the cot. "Dat you, William?" Recognition had come, but the weak senses were confusing the past life of boyhood with the rude present.

"Yes, Balla, it's William, your old playmate."

"So 'tis. I knowed ole marster weren't gwine ter hender you fum playin' wid Balla." The voice was very low, and the pulse was beating with quick and weak throbs that told the end was near. The colonel wondered if he need try to tell the dying man that death was coming.

"Balla, shall I pray with you?"

"Of co'se; hit's time for pra'rs. De horn done blowed long 'go, an' de han's is all in de dinin'-room whar yer pa has pra'rs."

The mind was thinking of those far-gone days when the old master, father of the colonel, as did the colonel when the master had died, held family prayers for the slaves before the early dawn had summoned them to work.

"William, I hear dem singin' 'Awake, my soul, an' wid dat sun'; an' ole marster is a-leadin', an' ole Billy is a-singin', an' mammy Chris, whar nussed you, is dar. Don't you hear 'em, boy?"

"I hear them, Balla. Shall I pray now?"

"Of co'se: dey prays allus at we all's house—all de time."

The colonel knelt, and the doctor and those around, drawn hither by so strange a sight, bowed their heads.

"O God! with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear brother, unto thy hands, for Christ's sake. Amen."

A convulsive movement of the hand held by the colonel made him pause before he had finished the well-known prayer of commendation for those "at the point of departure."

"Marse William"—and the voice was natural, and the eyes were full of intelligence—"you ain't a-gwine ter sot me free?"

"Never, while I live."

"Nor Liddy?"

"Never, while I live."

"He 'ain't nuver tol' a lie; he ma say he 'ain't." There was a pause, and the old man turned his eyes toward heaven. Again he looked at his master. "Nor de chilluns? Dee allus gwine ter b'long ter de Grymeses an' Oakland?"

"Always, so long as God permits."

"Bless de Lord for my ole marster, my ole mist'ess, an' Marse William." The flame was burning low now, and the throb of life was nearly done. "'Tweren't him, ole marster; 'tweren't de boy; hit's me whar done hit." Again the past was present, and the boyhood days, when the young master and his playmate incurred the old master's displeasure, were here. "Don't hit de boy, marster. I's de one whar tored de straw-stack down."

The colonel folded the black hand in a loving clasp, and thought of the day when his playfellow Balla had rushed between him and righteous punishment.

"Dee 'ain't say de las' pra'r, is dee, Marse William?"

"What prayer, Balla?"

"De one whar has de Father and de furgiveness. Dee allus sez dat las'."

The colonel knelt over him. Moved by a common impulse, those about the cot knelt also. Slowly, and with faltering tones, they all said the great petition of our races—that simple prayer which links in one common brotherhood and household of faith, under one Fatherhood, all mankind—"Our Father, which art in heaven."

As the words fell on the ears of the dying man all sounds were blended with sweet memories of a happy past.

"Dat's hit. Hit's old marster's voice—dee's done now; he's comin' todes de barn; he's singin' ez he walks—he allus does; he's callin' Balla; he wants de kerridge."

The voice ceased, and for a moment all was quiet save the labored breathing of the dying man. Presently he smiled, and his eyes opened with a gaze of wonder. Raising his arms toward heaven, where he saw what only dying eyes can hope to see, he uttered a cry of delight. "Hit's ole marster, an' he's ridin' in de chariot o' de Lord."

The arms fell, and one hand rested again upon that of his master. The colonel closed the eyes that had looked their last on earthly scenes. Turning to the doctor, he said, "Balla is free."

James P. Nelson.

A SEINE LOFT.

To make a net must have been the most primitive of all arts, for, as the mesh is increased or diminished, either a seine is the result, or the finest lace. Between hand and machine-made nets the contest has been a long one, for the first patent for a netting-machine dates from the last quarter of the nineteenth century. In the United States, hand-made nets are still much in use; and we were among the first to apply cotton instead of hemp to the manufacture of seines, with the advantage of greater lightness, elasticity, and cheapness. In making nets the well-known needle is used, and marvellous is the rapidity with which the work is carried out. Corks are used, and placed at intervals to float the seine. There are certain forms of seine for taking mackerel and menhaden which are peculiar to the American fisherman, and much ingenuity is shown in the closing of these purse-nets. Of late years the United States Fish Commission has directed attention to the use of glass floats in lieu of corks. Generally the seine loft is situated at a fishing port, and at certain seasons the business is a brisk one. As a fishing implement, the risk a seine runs of destruction is very great. Too large a number of fish inviting capture often tears a seine to pieces, as does the presence of a shark. Rents in nets are always happening, and both on the fishing-smack and in the seine loft repairs are continuous.

ADOLPHUS W. GREELY.

On the 16th of February President Cleveland sent to the Senate the nomination of Captain A. W. Greely to be Chief Signal Officer of the Army, in place of the late General W. B. Hazen. Unusual and almost unprecedented as would be such a promotion from Captain to Brigadier-General, save in time of war, its eminent fitness in the present instance is beyond question; and probably no nomination could have commanded more general approval among the people than this of the arctic hero whose exploits and sufferings are known at every fireside.

The career of Captain Greely began in the ranks of the volunteer army with his enlistment in 1861 as a private in Company B of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, of which State he is a native. Successively promoted to be corporal and first sergeant, he served in the Army of the Potomac until the spring of 1863, when he obtained a commission in one of the United States colored regiments—the Eighty-first Infantry—then forming. With this organization he remained through the war, becoming First Lieutenant in the spring of 1864, Captain and brevet Major in 1865, and being mustered out in 1867, when he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Thirty-sixth Infantry of the regular army. The consolidation of regiments caused him to be assigned, in 1869, to the Fifth Cavalry, of which he became First Lieutenant in 1873. Thence he was transferred to the Signal Office, and then made that extraordinary voyage to the polar regions which gave him a world-wide fame.

We need not here fully rehearse the details of the expedition which started in the *Proteus*, in the summer of 1881, to establish one of the international circumpolar stations for scientific observation in Lady Franklin Bay. It is enough to recall that, besides the record work of the station proper, Lieutenant Greely planned and executed a remarkable series of sledging expeditions, which carried the Stars and Stripes to a point farther north than any other expedition of any country ever reached. He also ascertained the true outline of Grinnell Land; and had he been duly relieved by supply expeditions from home, as was intended, his record would have been that of the most successful arctic expedition ever undertaken. But in the summer of 1882 the *Neptune* supply-ship failed to reach him, and returned; a second expedition, in 1883, comprising the *Proteus*, which had originally carried him out, and the *Yantic*, was equally unsuccessful, the *Proteus* being crushed by the ice and sunk. At last, in 1884, an expedition composed of the *Thetis*, *Bear*, and *Alert*, under Commander Schley, succeeded in reaching the remains of the starving party, which at the close of the previous summer had made its way down to Cape Sabine, and there formed a last camp. Of the twenty-five explorers, including two Esquimaux, only seven were found alive, and one of these died soon after. The survivors were all on the point of perishing from hunger and exposure.

For a long time after Lieutenant Greely's rescue he was in a precarious condition; but when well enough to appear in public, and then to visit England, he was greeted everywhere with great enthusiasm. Under our military system there was not even so much as brevet rank for him in recognition of his services. Only recently he obtained his Captaincy; and an effort to secure for him an appointment to a vacancy in another staff department, which would have yielded the rank and pay of Major, entirely failed. This apparent ill fortune turned out to be good luck, since the death of General Hazen left him highest in the Signal Corps, in the line of promotion, and his present nomination to be a general officer must have far exceeded any reward of that nature which he had formerly hoped for from the government. Captain Greely's health has never fully recovered from the shattering it received in his terrible arctic experience; but he has been able to perform his office duty, and since the death of General Hazen has been acting chief of the Signal Bureau.

MAYOR-ELECT FITLER.

"The people have elected a Mayor who would not stoop to conquer, who has no smirch upon his character, and whose lips have uttered no pledge except to administer his high office to the best of his ability." Such are the words with which the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia greets Mr. Edwin H. Fitler, who was chosen Mayor of that city in the election of February 15. Other Philadelphia journals, including those not of his party, offer like testimony to the high personal character of the successful candidate.

Born in Philadelphia December 2, 1825, the Mayor elect was the son of William Fitler, a tanner, who for many years carried on his business at Second and Otter streets, where the Fitler homestead still stands, and where his aged widow resides. Their son Edwin began his career as a student in the law office of Mr. C. E. Lex, and after a year there, moved to the office of his brother, Alfred Fitler, a conveyancer. But a trial of three years having failed to interest him in this profession, he procured a situation with G. J. Weaver & Co., manufacturers of cordage. What Lex could not do for him in law, Weaver easily accomplished in cordage. He became junior partner in 1849, a few years later bought out the whole concern, and is now head of a prosperous firm, and President of the Cordage Association of the United States. Seven years ago his great establishment was moved to Bridesburg, in the suburban region of Philadelphia, where it covers fifteen acres.

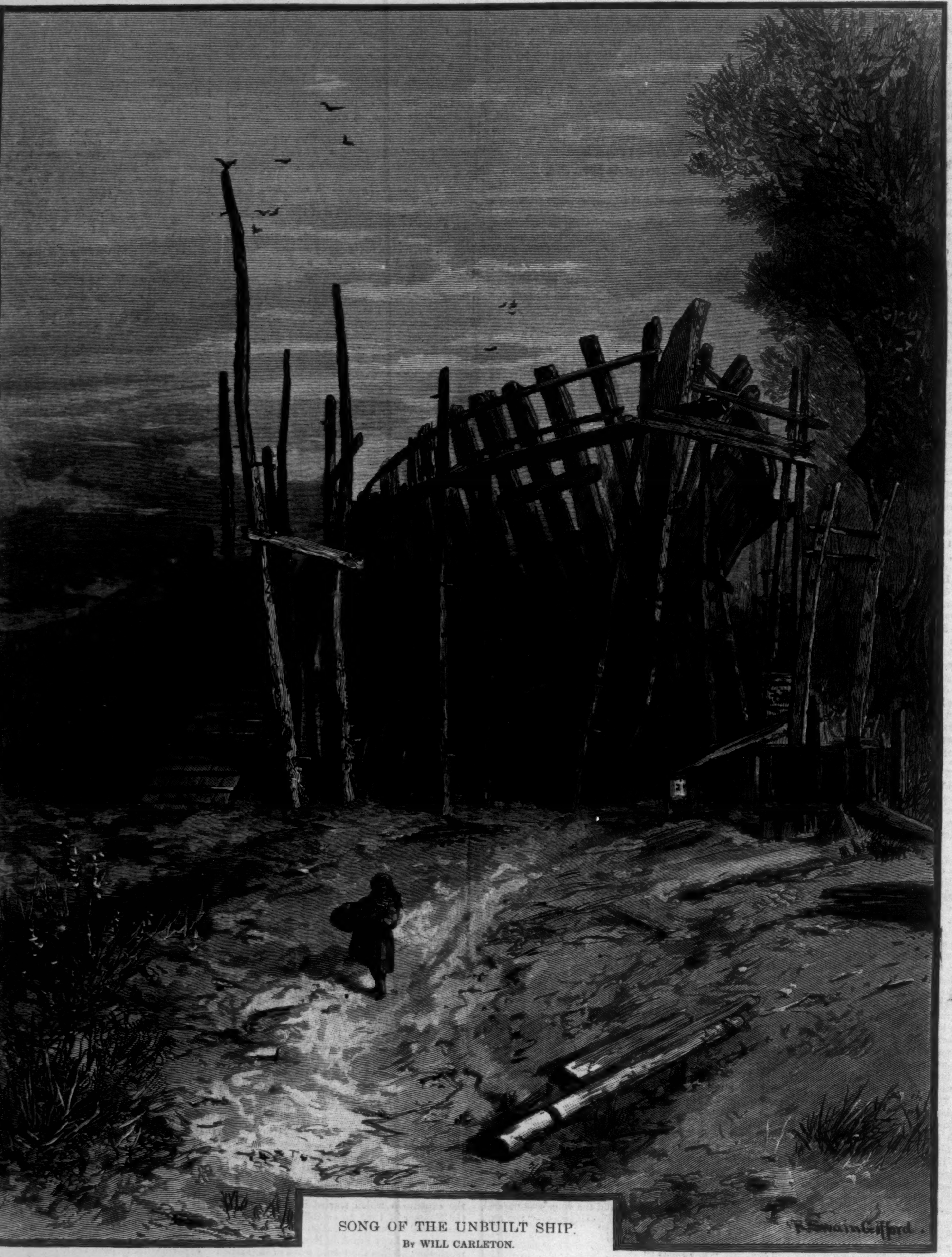
Mr. Fitler has always taken a strong interest in corporate and public affairs. He is a Director of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, of the Northern Liberties Gas Company, and of the Arch Street Theatre; Vice-President of the Union League since 1880, when he filled Mr. Fraley's vacancy; was an Election Commissioner in 1873, and has more than once been mentioned among the candidates for Governor of the State. He has also been Chairman of the Republican State Finance Committee. His nomination was the joint work of three organizations—the Citizens' Committee, the Union League Committee, and a committee of the Republican party.

SHIPS AND FORTS.

Mr. Carleton's "Song of the Unbuilt Ship," in this number, carries a twofold suggestion—first, as to the great change made by substituting steel for oak in ship-building, and second, as to the new needs of coast defence imposed on us by the tremendous war vessels now seen in foreign navies and their powerful batteries. Their line-of-battle ships have as much as two feet of steel or compound armor, and guns weighing 80 or 100 tons each, throwing projectiles weighing from 1800 to 2000 pounds, propelled by 500 or more pounds of powder.

Congress, after many years of neglect, has of late awakened to our needs of modern guns, forts, and ships. First it ordered four new steel cruisers—the *Dolphin*, *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago*—of which the three former are completed, and the last nearly so. Then came, in two instalments, the *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, and *Newark*, all protected steel cruisers, and gun-boats No. 1 and No. 2. These five vessels are expected to greatly surpass their predecessors in speed, and still faster is to be a vessel for throwing dynamite from pneumatic guns. Besides, two powerful and costly armored vessels, of a type like Brazil's *Riachuelo*, are authorized by Congress, and an experimental torpedo boat.

At the present session there have been several additional bills under consideration for ships, guns, and forts. The most important passed by the Senate are Mr. Hale's, appropriating $15,400,000 for heavily armored vessels, gunboats, floating batteries, or rams and torpedo boats, with their batteries and appliances; Mr. Cameron's, of $21,800,000, for ten new fast steel cruisers, with their guns; and two bills of Mr. Hawley, appropriating $21,000,000 for steel forgings suitable for guns of the largest calibre, and for armor for forts, and for two factories in which to finish the guns, and finally for preparing the forts to receive the armor and heavy guns. Here we find bills calling for $58,200,000 actually passed by the Senate. The House has all these before it, and in addition many of its own, not yet acted upon, including a bill of its own Naval Committee, calling for about five millions for new vessels, one-half of it to be appropriated this year. It is absolutely certain that not all of these bills can be enacted at this session, as it must end on the 4th of March.


R. Swain Gifford.

SONG OF THE UNBUILT SHIP.

By WILL CARLETON.

THEY were making me a king of the sea,
  The ocean's pride and fear;
But ere I was done the world moved on,
  And left me stranded here—
To the world's sharp eyes an enterprise
  That ere it was tested failed;
A ruin low that was always so,
  A wreck that has ne'er been sailed.
I sit and cower 'neath many an hour
  That drearily drifts to me;
But visions bring they from far away,
  And these are the sights I see:

Grim men who toil at blades that spoil,
  In populous far-off lands;
And murderer-guns that Art's rough sons
  Mould hot in their giant hands;
Steel diggers of graves, that walk the waves,
  And rule with their rude alarms,
Or cripple and kill with close-eyed skill,
  And long, invisible arms.

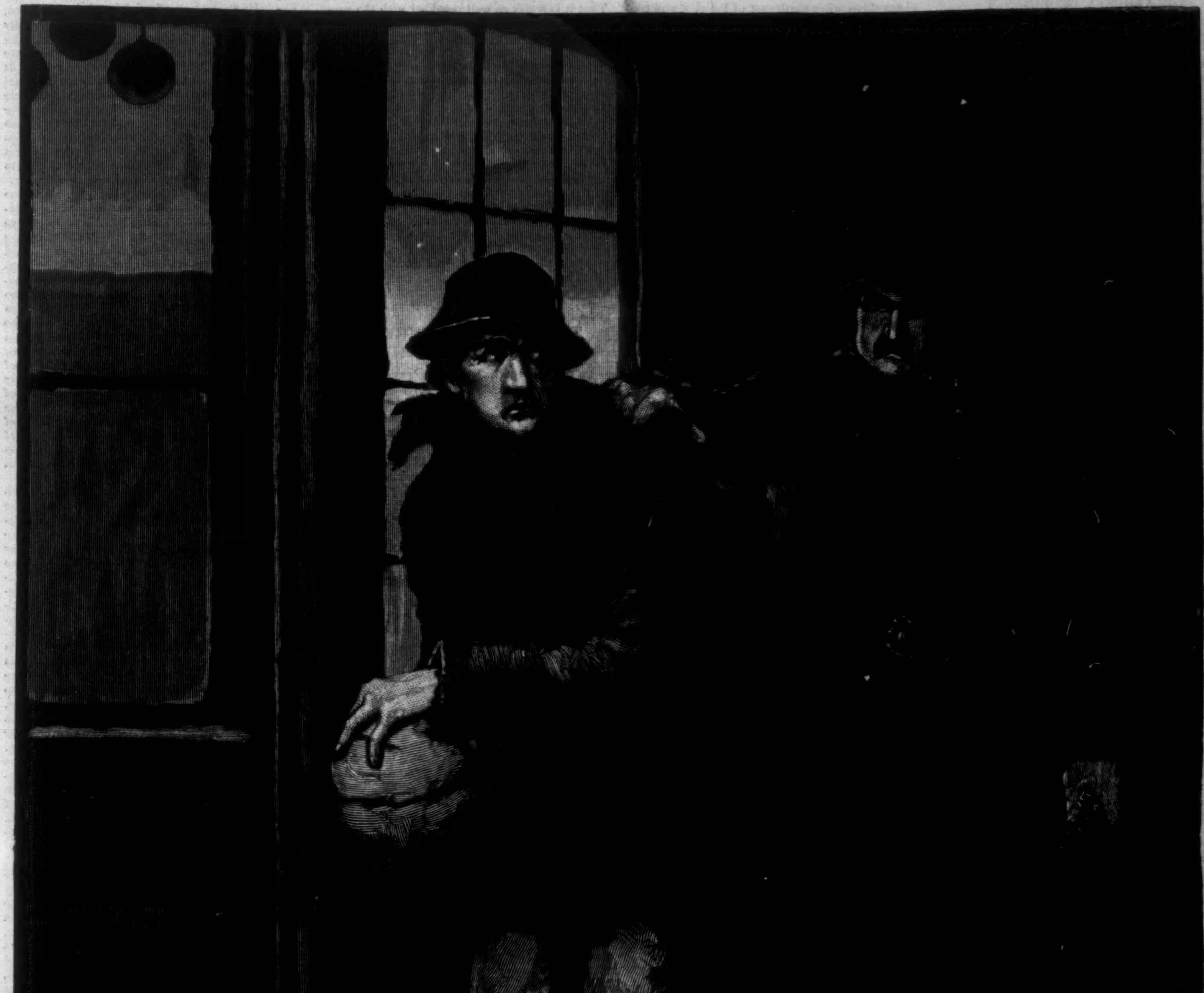
Oh, a wondrous shower of godlike power
  This grand decade can boast:
But what if it frown on shipping and town
  Of a long, defenceless coast?

For the great star-ships now suffer eclipse
  That were from the forest born,
And boats that have birth in the mines of earth
  Are laughing us all to scorn.
The nation that gave to the watchful wave
  Its swift and strongest guest
With triumph is done, and her ocean-sun
  Stands low in the blushing west.
O world just made, your grandeur is weighed,
  Your treasuries all men know;
But why should you seek a wealth too weak
  To guard you against a foe?

You may gild your domes and adorn your homes,
  Proud men of the Rich New Land;
But what are they worth if half the earth
  Is fired by a war's red brand?

The watchmen sleep of the banks that keep
  A continent's wealth in store:
Say, where are your locks when an enemy knocks
  With clenched hand at the door?
Your daughters and wives, whose winsome lives
  Make every land more fair—
What have you, then, O thoughtless men,
  To guard them from despair?

I see bright gold into tablets rolled;
  I see iron leagues of ore:
Rouse up with a zeal for the nation's weal,
  And carry them to the shore!
The power to defend holds many a friend;
  Force oft shows clear the right;
The surest lease of comfort and peace
  Is a sturdy strength to fight.
Let walls of iron your treasures environ,
  As well as of heart and brain;
Shun heedless guilt! and the ship unbuilt
  May not have sung in vain.



ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 150.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

This ancient capital of Georgia, which during the present year will celebrate the 152d anniversary of its founding, is a typical representative of both the Old and the New South. In it the distinctive features of both are so happily blended that no line of demarcation is visible, nor is there any conflict of interest between them. The men of the present generation dwell in the square, old-fashioned houses of their fathers, and the elders of the community are equally alive with them to its business interests and to everything relating to its social and financial prosperity.

Named after the favorite daughter of George II., and beautifully located on the south bank of the Savannah River, which divides Georgia from South Carolina, the city is a fitting monument to the memory of a princess. Its streets, notably Greene and Broad, the two most important avenues, one of residences and the other of business houses, are wide, straight, and heavily shaded by arching elms, stately oaks, and glossy-leaved magnolias. At intervals the green of the foliage is relieved by the gleaming marble of a monument, or the flash and sparkle of a fountain. There is plenty of room in Augusta, and its comfortable, heavily porticoed residences are surrounded by pleasant gardens and ample breathing spaces. Many of them, as well as the public buildings and educational institutions of the city, all of which occupy tree-shaded parks, are built of brick, covered with stucco, and painted white. From March until December the old-fashioned gardens are filled with flowers, and the green arches of the streets echo with bird music.

Augusta was not a direct sufferer by the war; for although hostile armies marched within a few miles of the city on two sides, it was not molested; and since that time her growth in population and wealth has been steady and satisfactory. Containing but about 12,000 inhabitants at the close of the war, the city now boasts a census list of 37,000, and trade, wholesale, retail, and manufacturing, that aggregates $55,000,000 annually. The banking business of the city is the largest in Georgia, and the annual transactions of its five banks amount to very nearly two hundred millions of dollars. One of these establishments, the Georgia Railroad Bank, transacts an annual business of $75,000,000. The foreign exchange of the city amounts to $17,000,000 annually, and of this $300,000 has been used in a single day in the purchase of cotton.

Augusta is one of the leading cotton markets of the South, and with two fine compresses, twenty-one warehouses, a river navigable by steam-boats from her wharves to the sea, and six railroads centring within her limits, she is well prepared to handle her average receipts of 150,000 bales yearly. One-third of this amount, or 50,000 bales, is barely sufficient to supply a local demand, for Augusta is the leading cotton manufacturing centre, the "spindle city," of the South. The Savannah River, navigable for 248 miles by steam-boats below its falls, and by pole-boats for 150 miles above them, furnishes through the same falls a magnificent water-power, which has been most admirably developed and utilized by Augusta enterprise and capital. The canal by which it is conveyed to the city was begun in 1844 and opened in 1846. Its dimensions at that time were: length, 7 miles; depth, 5 feet; width at bottom, 20 feet; width at top, 40 feet; and it furnished 600 horse-power to the one factory that was erected upon its banks in 1847. This was the Augusta Factory, the pioneer cotton-mill of the South. Until after the war it was the only one of its kind located in Augusta; but in 1872 the canal was enlarged, vastly increased facilities were offered to manufacturers, and to-day the eight large cotton-mills of Augusta rank among the finest in the country. The enlarged canal, with its three levels, is 9 miles long, has a depth of 11 feet, a bottom width of 106 feet, a top width of 150 feet, and furnishes 14,000 horse-power. It cost $1,250,000, and supplies power to sixteen factories and mills. They represent an invested capital of $5,000,000, give employment to 3000 hands, and turn out $4,000,000 worth of manufactured products annually. The first cotton-mill erected after the war was the Enterprise, built in 1873, which now contains 22,700 spindles and 624 looms; while the largest mills are the King and the Sibley, each representing an invested capital of $1,000,000. The Sibley Mill was erected in 1880 on the site of the Confederate Powder-Works, the chimney of which still stands as a monument to the "Lost Cause." It contains 35,176 spindles, 844 looms, and gives employment to 600 hands. These Augusta mills produce shirtings, checks, plaids, drillings, coarse sheetings, and yarns, a market for which is found all over the South, in the West, and as far north as Philadelphia. Besides the mills already mentioned are the Sterling, with 3000 spindles; the Algernon, containing 4000 spindles; the Globe, 4600 spindles; the Shamrock, 2500 spindles; the Riverside, which is operated by steam, and contains 25,000 spindles, for the utilization of cotton waste from the other mills; and across the river, in South Carolina, are the Langley, with 10,000 spindles, and the Graniteville, founded in 1847, and the Vaucluse, built by the same company in 1879, and together operating 34,000 spindles—making a grand total of very nearly 200,000 spindles to hum the song of industry in this Lowell of the New South.

Although Augusta itself is situated on a plain, it is surrounded by hills, which offer most delightful and healthful sites for suburban residence. The most accessible and beautiful of these suburbs is Summerville, on the Sand Hills, about three miles northwest of the city, and connected with it by a street railway. Here is the old United States Arsenal, surrounded by fine residences embowered in a heavy growth of forest trees, and commanding fine views of the river, the city, and the far-reaching plains beyond. Fifteen miles west of Augusta, on the line of the Georgia Railroad, is another high pine ridge, on which, among other beautiful places, stands "Copse Hill," the house in which Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Southern poet, lived, wrote, and died. The poet's memory is reverently cherished in Augusta, and a literary society known as the Hayne Circle, recently formed, is actively engaged in raising funds to erect a monument to him, and to establish a poets' corner in the beautiful city cemetery. Here also will be laid the remains of Richard Henry Wilde, the statesman-poet of Augusta. There is still living in the city another poet, who, like John Howard Payne, reached fame through a single simple song. He is James R. Randall, author of that stirring war song of the Confederacy, "Maryland, my Maryland." At present Mr. Randall is managing editor of the Augusta *Chronicle*, and it is largely owing to his ability that this paper has become a recognized leader among Southern journals.

The literary spirit of the city is fostered by its schools, which, both public and private, rank among the foremost in Georgia. The Academy of Richmond County, for young men, the Tubman High-School, for young women, and the Ware High-School, for colored pupils of both sexes, are all in a most flourishing condition, and reflect credit upon the city. The grammar, intermediate, and primary schools, of which there are fifteen, both for white and colored children, are constantly filled to overflowing, and in them are taught fifty per cent. of the 7000 school population of the city. Prominent among the schools of Augusta stands the Houghton Institute, founded in 1852 by a bequest of John W. Houghton, a native of Massachusetts, who here accumulated a fortune, the bulk of which was devoted to the erection and endowment of a school that should bear his name, and be forever free to all children of Augusta. The Institute is divided into schools for boys and girls, and these into primary, intermediate, grammar, and high-school departments. The buildings are beautifully located in spacious, well-shaded grounds on Greene Street, and offer the best of educational facilities to 500 pupils. Among the private schools of the city are St. Mary's Academy, the Sacred Heart Academy, a commercial institute, a business college, and many smaller schools for younger children. The fine medical college here has recently been made the medical department of the University of Georgia. A unique school building, and one of which the city is justly proud, is the Sunday-school and library building connected with the Presbyterian church on Telfair Street, erected three years ago, at a cost of $32,000, by the bequest of Miss Mary Telfair, of Savannah.

While nothing so clearly defines the standing and progress of a city as its schools, nothing is so conducive to its financial prosperity and the growth of its business as ample transportation facilities and means of communication with the outside world. With these Augusta is amply endowed. To begin with, she has the Savannah River, affording her a direct outlet and cheap transportation to the sea, on the one hand, and an ever-open free highway from her doors to the fertile up-country farms and plantations, on the other. Then she has already six well-built and thoroughly equipped lines of railway, connecting her with the North, the South, the great West, and the sea-coast, and others contemplated or in process of construction. One of the existing roads, the South Carolina Railway, connecting Augusta with Charleston, was the first *steam* railroad chartered in the United States. It was incorporated in 1827, before the locomotive had made its appearance in this country, and in 1829 the building of the roadway from Charleston to Augusta was begun. The first locomotive was run over it in 1831, and the two cities were connected by rail in 1836. The first freight cars of the road were constructed to carry 6000 pounds, or four bales of cotton, each, and the seating capacity of its passenger coaches was thirteen persons. Now the road-bed of this oldest steam railway is as solid as the everlasting hills, and it stands a noble monument to the foresight of a generation long passed away, and to the progress of the present age. The Georgia Railroad, which connects Augusta with Atlanta and the West, and which is now by lease a part of the wide-spread Louisville and Nashville system, is but little younger than its neighbor of South Carolina, having been chartered in 1833, and completed to Atlanta ten years later. The head-quarters of this road are in Augusta, where it has extensive machine, repair, and car shops, employing a force of nearly 200 hands, to which are annually paid $120,000 in wages. The Central Railroad of Georgia connects Augusta with Savannah; the Port Royal and Augusta road connects it with Beaufort and Port Royal, the Charlotte, Columbia, and Augusta Railroad, forming a part of the great Richmond and Danville system, affords direct communication with the North; the Columbia, Wilmington, and Augusta road connects this favored city with another important seaport; and on the northwest the Augusta and Knoxville Railroad, recently completed, and leased by the Central Railroad Company of Georgia, opens direct communication with the rich mines and broad wheat fields of Tennessee. Thus this city is easy to get away from, and what is far better, easy of access from all parts of the world.

Augusta has an ample and inexhaustible water supply, an admirable system of sewage, a well-appointed fire department, provided with all modern appliances and aids for the effective performance of their duties; and in everything pertaining to its municipality it presents to the inquiring visitor every evidence of being an enlightened, liberal-spirited, and progressive community. That it is a city so well provided with the necessities of existence that it feels able to afford some of its luxuries as well, is shown by the dainty little ten-acre park occupying the two blocks bounded by Fenwick, Lincoln, Elbert, and Calhoun streets. It was begun in 1880, since which time about $4000 has been expended upon it each year, until now it contains a lake, fountains, a cascade, rustic houses and seats, rock arches, winding walks, and quantities of thrifty trees, ornamental shrubs, and flowering plants. It is called "May Park," in honor of the present Mayor of Augusta, Robert H. May, who suggested the idea for a park, and has been most active in arranging and carrying out the details of the work. Mr. May has been for thirteen years Mayor of Augusta, and no stranger who is so fortunate as to enjoy his acquaintance can fail to be pleasantly impressed with the city whose affairs he so largely controls.

THE MANUFACTURE OF "GOSSYPIUM PHOSPHO."

In the last number of the Weekly reference was made to cotton-seed oil mills and their important connection with the manufacture of certain fertilizers extensively used in the South. It was explained that the refuse of the mills is being utilized as fuel, and that the cotton-seed meal, once only used as stock feed, now forms a valuable mixture with phosphate.

On the back page of our Supplement this week will be found illustrations of the "gossypium phospho" works located at Atlanta, where over fifteen thousand tons of fertilizer is manufactured annually, and distributed over all the Southern States. This factory consists of an immense storage bin, three extensive buildings, the interior of which shows a most interesting and ingenious combination of machinery. Prominent among these is the sulphuric acid works, 250 feet long and six stories high, containing ten beautiful specially constructed furnaces, two Glover towers, two absorption towers, four leaden chambers—two of which are 104 feet by 20 feet—and various tanks and cisterns for different acids and gases. These are used in the tedious manufacture of sulphuric acid, and presided over by a corps of competent chemists.

In another building the phosphate rock, which comes from South Carolina, passes through huge mills of great power, and is ground into a fine powder, after which it is carried, through several draught pipes, to the top of a six-story tower, and there undergoes a process of refinement. The rich yellow meal which comes from the cotton-seed oil mills in the immediate vicinity is mixed with the ground phosphate, and adds materially to its strength as a fertilizer. The mixture thus obtained is collected into immense canvas bins, and then treated with sulphuric acid, assuming a semi-liquid state. It is now called "gossypium phospho," and being placed upon a car which runs upon an elevated track, is conducted into a large warehouse, and there dumped, as shown in our illustration. This depository has a capacity of 15,000 tons, and when full shows quite a little mountain of compact fertilizer. On each side of this great mass long platforms are placed, where hands are busily engaged sacking and preparing the "phospho" for market.

The leading proprietor of this enterprise is a progressive gentleman, and offers yearly a set of premiums, amounting to several thousand dollars, to farmers who can show the best results after having used the "gossypium phospho," and the number who generally enter the competition testifies to its value and popularity as a fertilizer. It is especially adapted to the cultivation of cotton, and has already accomplished much good in restoring the worn lands of the South.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

We can keep no record of the dangerous class in the United States, and even such estimates as may be filed away in the police dockets appertaining to New York can never be more than approximate. It is not a pleasing assertion to make, but hardly to be controverted, that crime of a particular kind in New York slowly but surely augments. The reasons for it are manifest. The throwing out of employment of many thousands of men brings with it misery, and "children who grow up in the gutter are ready to become inmates of the prison." New York, too, attracts rascals from all parts of the United States and Europe. If we send a smaller proportion of adroit burglars and swindlers abroad than in former years, it is for the reason that the field is not so rich there as at home, and punishment swifter and more severe. *Per contra*, we receive an increased number of those of foreign origin who live only by plunder. There seems to be a good deal of truth in the following statement made by a German of high position to a friend who was just embarking on a steamer for the United States: "There are three men on board I might as well put you on your guard against. One is an Anarchist, the other two *chevaliers d'industrie*. It is only the first we are really delighted to get rid of; the other two would soon have come to the end of their tether. You will find—having, of course, taken certain precautions as to your personal baggage—that the thieves are by no means rude fellows; but beware of the Anarchist! If we could only ship you all of these Socialists and Nihilists! As to the bandits, they would naturally gravitate toward your side of the world."

In the March number of Harper's Monthly Magazine there may be found an article entitled "The New York Police Department." Therein Dr. Richard Wheatley gives the fullest particulars as to the organization and action of the police. He shows how effective is this body of men, how arduous their duties; and it can be readily understood how, with a constantly increasing area and augmentation of population, important are the labors likely to be imposed on the force. It is the duty of a policeman to thwart a criminal whenever in the roundsman's judgment there arises the least cause for suspicion. If in the thief's mind there always is a confused idea as to what constitutes his or somebody else's property, we may say, to present it in the mildest form, that it is the business of the policeman to set the criminal right.

There may have occurred a robbery, where the goods purloined were of a special character, sometimes not readily disposable. Then what are called the "fences" are carefully watched by the police. There are many such in New York, and these "fences" are the true nurseries of crime, supplying the dangerous class with the means necessary to carry out robbery. There may not be an open exchange where such nefarious business is carried on, but it is in New York where all the most important safe robberies are planned, and the men and the outfit furnished. As often as not it is at the pawnbroker's that a petty thief tries to dispose of his stolen goods. Certainly no criminal, known to be such by the police of New York, ventures to pledge his plunder at the sign of the three balls. The Philadelphia thief may try it in New York, or the New York thief in Philadelphia. To confide plunder to a pal is to run a risk, for "honor among thieves" is but a phrase.

Much as Gaboriau in romantic guise has followed Edgar Poe and Dickens in extolling the supernatural acumen of the detective, accident frequently leads to discovery. Just as in art there are certain schools, so in crime there are particular masters. It happens, then, that a robbery has been committed in a prescribed manner. Occasionally the very neatness of the job itself declares it to be the work of experts. Such excellence of finish casts merited suspicion on the perpetrators. It is the bungling job, the one without nicety, which is more difficult to trace. It is rare that even cases of assault, when burglary is the object, are not premeditated, and much more planning and scheming is a necessity when a shop is rifled. If the work is done by awkward hands, detection is often difficult. Paradoxical as this may seem, in such cases detectives who are clever in their calling often declare themselves at sea. Naturally the objects stolen at once occupy the attention of the police. It rarely or never happens that the goods are destroyed. The North and East rivers hold in their depths but little of that plunder which may have cost men's lives. Pope's line of "hope eternal" is as common to the thief as to the honest man. There are depots for stolen goods in all great cities.

A fence will buy stolen goods at a twentieth or less of their value. Sometimes he agrees to pay the criminal a percentage when eventually the objects are sold, and will hold them over for a year or more. Marks, labels, boxes, measures, may be changed or altered, and perhaps a market found in a city hundreds of miles away from New York within the twelvemonth. Even when sold, however, the thief interested in the goods may never receive his stipulated share. He may have been killed. Then it is so much clear gain to the fence. He may have been implicated in some other robbery, brought to justice, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Then the chances are equally good for the fence that the robber never will claim his proportion. There are many terrible tragedies, murders without apparent cause, vengeance undreamt of by the public, arising from transactions of this character. The robber believed to have been killed in San Francisco comes to life again in New York. He has wandered all over the world, and now sticks at nothing, or he has spent his long years in the prison of a neighboring State, and his term of freedom has come. His period of incarceration has not subdued his spirit. He has the "Margaret" blood in his veins, and born a social pariah, he knows no other life. At once he hurries to the fence and demands his share of the money, the proceeds of a robbery consummated five or ten years ago. Maybe the fence has changed his ways since then, and is ostensibly an honest man. He may be in the same vicious calling still, but he repudiates all obligations. What rights can a man have who was considered dead? There are muttered words, a defiant look, and then a thief meditates murder, and sometimes commits it.

It is an icy cold night. The blizzard that blew across a continent, at its worst in Montana, is spending its force in New York. Little accumulations in savings-banks have been called upon, because when the pailful of coal has more than doubled in price, and children suffered from the cold, the pitiful balance on the pass-book had to be used. The policeman, who knows the people in this poor neighborhood, feels depressed when the sewing-woman, the girl who is the book-folder, the shoe-binder's widow, all hard-working, honest folks, pass by him, each with her bundle, and enter the pawnbroker's door.

Some of them have often been to the pawnbroker's, but to others this is their first visit. The policeman has been long enough in his particular calling to have some sense of discernment. A number of the women know him, but they would rather evade his quick glance now. "He ought to know that it is my first visit to the pawnbroker," says one of them to her neighbor. There are stages of poverty where a single descent lower brings acute humiliation. The policeman seems to appreciate that, and to spare their feelings, apparently, withdraws. "It's a sad business anyway," he thinks. Familiar with misery, not exactly callous, a policeman philosophizes, but he cogitates with his eyes wide open. There is an alleyway near. The terrible wind tears through the narrow thoroughfare. There is a sign that swings over a cobbler's shop. Now it creaks and turns and creaks. Once or twice before, the policeman on his rounds has told the owner of the shop that his sign would come down some day and break a head. It is his occupation for the time being to watch that sign—and something else. That something else is a man. That man was near the pawnbroker's window five minutes before, and had given a quick and rapid glance around. He had a furtive look. "I think he must have seen me, and then cleared out, and taken this alleyway. It's closed up at the other end; unless he lives up here, he has to come back again. The bulge in his coat showed he had something." Then, first absorbed in the sign that flapped in the wind, the policeman had opened the door of the cobbler's shop, and astonished the occupant by as quickly withdrawing again. The typical policeman, Argus-like, has, or ought to have, eyes in the back of his head. The policeman was perfectly satisfied that, with a cat-like tread, the man he was looking for had passed down the alley to the street. From his coign of vantage the policeman watched him. There was still hesitancy on the man's part as he neared the pawnbroker's shop. He was even deferential in his manner to the fat woman before him, but with a kind of restrained impatience. Like a flash the man's eyes shot up and down the street and the alley, and now he was just at the pawnbroker's window, and cautiously draws a bundle from under his coat, and there was a slightly tremulous motion of his talon-like fingers. There was a little feeling of exultation on the part of the policeman, for the hunting instinct in man never can be entirely repressed. Is a policeman's hand heavy? It has no caressing touch about it—rather a grab, the clutch of a nervous thumb and fingers not adapted to piano-playing.

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* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; and Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573, of the Weekly. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.

"What have you in that bundle?" is dispensed with. The question is not even asked. A closer look at the man's face shows to the policeman not one of defiance, but that of a poor wretch subdued and cowed. This assures the captor that he is in the right. It is stolen property, and the bundle is at once taken by the officer of the law. The prisoner is so submissive that no help is necessary. Few words are interchanged while the man and his escort proceed to the station, where the sergeant in charge at once questions the prisoner and opens the bundle. The sequel? It is commonplace, for the most part. The thief could not have pawned silver, for the pawnbroker would have asked questions. It might have been a new coat, or a woman's second-hand dress. Perhaps no owner ever is to be found for the contents of that bundle; and then, again, the objects might have led to the discovery of those cases of silk goods, worth $30,000, stolen some months before.

The capture of a thief is a lottery. But the man is a criminal. Scholars thumb a well-known folio, and at once find the desired passage. A police officer turns by instinct to his black list. He knows it by heart. Here is the record of a vagabond. What the man calls himself makes no matter, for in the Rogues' Gallery are his features, taken years ago. The hang-dog look he never can change; even death itself may not efface it. "Arrested on suspicion" does not close an unhappy career. It is but a minor act, an interlude in a life drama, as likely as not to conclude with a tragedy.

PICTURES FROM THE CAPITOL.

If a legislator at the National Capitol should ever become oppressed with the notion that life is hollow, no doubt he would feel better to step forth from the dreary conventions of the Senate or the House, and submit himself to the natural conditions which prevail under the great dome. The stream of refreshing, unspoiled people who do not suspect that life is hollow, but continue to take an interest in things, is there unceasing. These people find pleasure in listening to the eloquence of the Capitol guides, of whom there are three or four. Whether the guide who is represented in Mr. Kemble's picture is the one who is accustomed to enlighten his auditors concerning the "architectural era of the Reminiscence," or whether he is another guide, is not certain, but he is sure to be a guide of considerable interest and natural power, with a disposition to accuracy, and without intentional imagination. The Capitol guide must have a license, but the government does not hire him. He depends for his reward upon the people whom he enlightens and entertains, and it is commensurate with their generosity.

It is hard enough, in all conscience, as many stout persons who do not make a practice of pedestrianism will testify, to go about the Capitol laterally. Its spaces are painfully vast, but the matters which the main floors afford for the eye to look at are so numerous and of such fascination that the charmed observer takes a hundred steps with no more heed than would ordinarily be given to one, and it is only at the conclusion of his wanderings that he becomes aware, through the fever that is in them, and through the alarming increase in their size, of the great labor that his feet have been put to. It is in going through the Capitol perpendicularly, however, that the ordinary human system is most taxed. Along the winding stairway that leads to the dome there is no glamour of apple-stands or of art—nothing to wheedle the pedestrian into the belief that he is not physically employed; and that the devoted couple who are seeking the dome in the illustration will find the path "even as a sandy hill unto the feet of the aged," there can be little doubt.

Galleries, in America at least, are nearly always places in which one may look for unrepressed evidences of human character. People who are found in galleries are mostly natural people. The arts which deceive observers in regard to men, and make these appear, even as upon the theatrical stage, to be what they are not, are not practised here. In the illustration the one-armed door-keeper of the House gallery is about to interfere with the natural deportment of one of the visitors by requesting him to remove his hat. The House gallery is a favorite place of sojourn for colored people, who love to sit in it with closed eyes and think. If they think quietly they are not disturbed, but if they snore they are beaten upon the soles of the feet by the door-keeper with a club. This method of arousal is practised by the New York police upon persons who essay to sleep upon the sidewalks, and is considered highly efficacious.

The lady with the neat curls and benign air is French, perhaps sixty-five years of age, and has kept a stand in the rotunda, according to tradition, since the time of Henry Clay, who first obtained the permission for her to do so. She provides for sale upon her stand photographs and knick-knacks, and one may get a glass of cider there. She and all the Solons are upon the most friendly terms. If she chooses to pat a legislator upon the back she pats him, and nobody has ever ventured to be so dignified as to repel her. She has a score of names, "Polly" being the most enduring, although it was seriously threatened at one time by the name of "Buttercup," which faded, however, with the vogue of *Pinafore*.

There are two figures in the rotunda who are notable for their persistent attendance in that place, and for a peculiarity of belief in regard to the ownership of the Capitol. Each believes that he himself is the owner. There is reason to suppose that each is aware of the other's claim, but whether he comprehends it or not is another matter. At all events, the two claimants have never quarrelled. They move about separately, acquainting such persons as seem desirous of listening to them with their simple theory, and inoffensively enjoying the pleasures of the imagination.

In some spheres of life it is a harmless indulgence for a man to be without friends, but in other spheres it is not. It is a happy Congressman who has friends. The just Congressman, of course, will not turn his back upon the men who elected him, and neither will the wise one. One might think that among some constituencies it would be more awkward to be sociable than among others, but fortunately tastes in friends differ, and it would needs be a queer lot whom some Congressman could not be found to fit. According to the existing rule of apportionment, a Congressman represents something like 160,000 persons. Of course, while a majority of these are the Congressman's friends politically, comparatively a small proportion are upon such terms of intimacy with their Representative as to warrant them in turning up at Washington for social entertainment at his expense. Still, the number of these intimate constituents is in the case of many a Congressman very great, and it is a question if, in his heart's core, he does not regard them as a nightmare rather than as friends. That the callers who are sending in their cards in the picture are constituents of a Representative from the American metropolis there is hardly need to point out. They have the city air about them—a suggestion of poise and power, and the need of police supervision in behalf of other people. There is reason to believe that they object to the tone of the present administration.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."[*]

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER VIII

When James Hurlstone reached the shelter of the shrubbery he leaned exhaustedly against the adobe wall, and looked back upon the garden he had just traversed. At its lower extremity a tall hedge of cacti re-enforced the crumbling wall with a *cheval-de-frise* of bristling thorns. It was through a gap in this green barrier that he had found his way a few hours before, as his torn clothes still testified. At one side ran the low wall of the Alcalde's *casa*, a mere line of dark shadow in that strange diaphanous mist that seemed to suffuse all objects. The gnarled and twisted trunks of pear-trees, gouty with old age, bent so low as to impede any progress under their formal avenues; out of a tangled labyrinth of fig-trees, here and there a single plume of feathery palm swam in the drowsy upper radiance. The shrubbery around him, of some unknown variety, exhaled a faint perfume. He put out his hand to grasp what appeared to be a young catalpa, and found it the trunk of an enormous passion-vine, that, creeping softly upward, had at last invaded the very belfry of the dim tower above him; and touching it, his soul seemed to be lifted with it out of the shadow.

The great hush and quiet that had fallen like a benediction on every sleeping thing around him; the deep and passionless repose that seemed to drop from the bending boughs of the venerable trees; the cool, restful, earthy breath of the shadowed mould beneath him, touched only by a faint jasmine-like perfume as of a dead passion—lulled the hurried beatings of his heart, and calmed the feverish tremor of his limbs. He allowed himself to sink back against the wall, his hands tightly clasped before him. Gradually the set, abstracted look of his eyes faded and became suffused as if moistened by that celestial mist. Then he rose quickly, drew his sleeve hurriedly across his lashes, and began slowly to creep along the wall again.

Either the obscurity of the shrubbery became greater or he was growing preoccupied; but in steadying himself by the wall he had, without perceiving it, put his hand upon a rude door that, yielding to his pressure, opened noiselessly into a dark passage. Without apparent reflection he entered, followed the passage a few steps until it turned abruptly; turning with it, he found himself in the body of the Mission Church of Todos Santos. A swinging lamp, that burnt perpetually before an effigy of the Virgin Mother, threw a faint light on the single rose-window behind the high altar; another, suspended in a low archway, apparently lit the open door of the passage toward the refectory. By the stronger light of the latter Hurlstone could see the barbaric red and tarnished gold of the rafters that formed the straight roof. The walls were striped with equally bizarre coloring, half Moorish and half Indian. A few hangings of dyed and painted cloths, with heavy fringes, were disposed on either side of the chancel, like the flaps of a wigwam; and the aboriginal suggestion was further repeated in a quantity of colored beads and sea-shells that decked the communion rails. The Stations of the Cross along the walls were commemorated by paintings, evidently by a native artist, to suit the barbaric taste; while a larger picture of San Francisco d'Assisis, under the choir, seemed to belong to an older and more artistic civilization. But the sombre half-light of the two lamps mellowed and softened the harsh contrast of these details, until the whole body of the church appeared filled with a vague harmonious shadow. The air, heavy with the odors of past incense, seemed to be a part of that expression, and to make the quiet and harmonious shadow palpable to the senses.

Again overcome by the feeling of repose and peacefulness, Hurlstone sank upon a rude settle, and bent his head and folded arms over a low railing before him. How long he sat there, allowing the subtle influence to transfuse and possess his entire being, he did not know. The faint twitter of birds suddenly awoke him. Looking up, he perceived that it came from the vacant square of the tower above him, open to the night and suffused with its mysterious radiance. In another moment the roof of the church was swiftly crossed and recrossed with tiny and adventurous wings. The mysterious light had taken an opaline color. Morning was breaking.

The slow rustling of a garment, accompanied by a soft but heavy tread, sounded from the passage. He started to his feet as the priest whom he had seen on the deck of the *Excelsior* entered the church from the refectory. The Padre was alone. At the apparition of a stranger, torn and dishevelled, he stopped involuntarily, and cast a hasty look toward the heavy silver ornaments on the altar. Hurlstone noticed it, and smiled bitterly.

"Don't alarm yourself. I only sought this place for shelter."

He spoke in French—the language he had heard Padre Esteban address to Mrs. Brimmer. The priest's quick eye detected his own mistake. He lifted his hand with a sublime gesture toward the altar, and said: "You are right. Where should you seek it but here?"

The reply was so unexpected that Hurlstone was silent. His lips quivered slightly.

"And if it were *sanctuary* I was seeking?" he said.

"You would first tell me why you sought it," said Don Esteban, gently.

Hurlstone looked at him irresolutely for a moment, and then said, with the hopeless desperation of a man anxious to anticipate his fate: "I am a passenger on the ship you boarded yesterday. I came ashore with the intention of concealing myself somewhere here until she had sailed. When I tell you that I am not a fugitive from justice, that I have committed no offence against the ship or her passengers, nor have I any intention of doing so, but that I only wish concealment from their knowledge for twenty-four hours, you will know enough to understand that you run no risk in giving me assistance. I can tell you no more."

"I did not see you with the other passengers, either on the ship or ashore," said the priest. "How did you come here?"

"I swam ashore before they left. I did not know they had any idea of landing here; I expected to be the only one, and there would have been no need for concealment then. But I am not lucky," he added, with a bitter laugh.

The priest glanced at his garments, which bore the traces of the sea, but remained silent.

"Do you think I am lying?"

The old priest lifted his head with a gesture. "Not to me, but to God."

The young man followed the gesture, and glanced around the barbaric church with a slight look of scorn. But the profound isolation, the mystic seclusion, and, above all, the complete obliteration of that world and civilization he shrank from and despised, again subdued and overcame his rebellious spirit. He lifted his eyes to the priest.

"Nor to God," he said, gravely.

"Then why withhold anything from Him here?" said the priest, gently.

"I am not a Catholic; I do not believe in confession," said Hurlstone, doggedly, turning aside. But Padre Esteban laid his large brown hand on the young man's shoulder. Weighed down by some occult suggestion in its soft, heavy touch, he sank again into his seat.

"Yet you ask for the sanctuary of His house—a sanctuary bought by that contrition whose first expression is the bared and opened soul! To the first worldly shelter you sought—the peon's hut, or the Alcalde's *casa*—you would have thought it necessary to bring a story. You would not conceal from the physician whom you asked for balsam either the wound, the symptoms, or the cause? Enough," he said, kindly, as Hurlstone was about to reply. "You shall have your request. You shall stay here. I will be your physician, and will salve your wounds; if any poison I know not of rankle there, you will not blame me, son, but perhaps you will assist me to find it. I will give you a secluded cell in the dormitory until the ship has sailed. And then—" He dropped quietly on the settle, took the young man's hand paternally in his own, and gazed into his eyes as if he read his soul.

And then.... Ah, yes—what then? Hurlstone glanced once more around him. He thought of the quiet night; of the great peace that had fallen upon him since he had entered the garden, and the promise of a greater peace that seemed to breath with the incense from these venerable walls. He thought of that crumbling barrier, that even in its ruin seemed to shut out, more completely than anything he had conceived, his bitter past, and the bitter world that recalled it. He thought of the long days to come, when, forgetting and forgotten, he might find a new life among these simple aliens, themselves forgotten by the world. He had thought of this once before in the garden; it occurred to him again in this Lethe-like oblivion of the little church, in the kindly pressure of the priest's hand. The ornaments no longer looked uncouth and barbaric—rather they seemed full of some new spiritual significance. He suddenly lifted his eyes to Padre Esteban, and, half rising to his feet, said:

"Are we alone?"

"We are; it is a half-hour before mass," said the priest.

"My story will not last so long," said the young man, hurriedly, as if fearing to change his mind. "Hear me, then. It is no crime nor offence to any one; more than that, it concerns no one but myself. It is of—"

"A woman," said the priest, softly. "So! we will sit down, my son."

He lifted his hand with a soothing gesture—the movement of a physician who had just arrived at an easy diagnosis of certain uneasy symptoms. There was also a slight suggestion of an habitual toleration, as if even the seclusion of Todos Santos had not been entirely free from the invasion of the primal passion.

Hurlstone waited for an instant, but then went on rapidly. "It is of a woman—who has cursed my life, blasted my prospects, and ruined my youth; a woman who gained my early affection only to blight and wither it; a woman who should be nearer to me and dearer than all else, and yet who is further than the uttermost depths of hell from me in sympathy or feeling; a woman that I should cleave to, but from whom I have been flying, ready to face shame, disgrace, oblivion, even that death which alone can part us: for that woman is—my wife."

He stopped, out of breath, with fixed eyes and a rigid mouth. Father Esteban drew a snuff-box from his pocket and a large handkerchief. After blowing his nose violently, he took a pinch of snuff, wiped his lips, and replaced the box. "A bad habit, my son," he said, apologetically, "but an old man's weakness. Go on."

"I met her first five years ago; the wife of another man. Don't misjudge me; it was no lawless passion; it was a friendship, I believed, due to her intellectual qualities as much as to her womanly fascinations; for I was a young student, lodging in the same house with her, in an academic town. Before I ever spoke to her of love, she had confided to me her own unhappiness—the uncongeniality of her married life, the harshness, and even brutality, of her husband. Even a man less in love than I was could have seen the truth of this—the contrast of the coarse, sensual, and vulgar man with an apparently refined and intelligent woman: but any one else but myself would have suspected that such a union was not merely a sacrifice of the woman. I believed her. It was not until long afterward that I learned that her marriage had been a condonation of her youthful errors by a complaisant bridegroom; that her character had been saved by a union that was a mutual concession. But I loved her madly; and when she finally got a divorce from her uncongenial husband, I believed it less an expression of her love for me than an act of justice. I did not know at the time that they had arranged the divorce together, as they had arranged their marriage, by equal concessions.

"I was the only son of a widowed mother, whose instincts were, from the first, opposed to my friendship with this woman, and what she prophetically felt would be its result. Unfortunately both she and my friends were foolish enough to avow their belief that the divorce was obtained solely with a view of securing me as a successor, and it was this argument more than any other that convinced me of my duty to protect her. Enough: I married, not only in spite of all opposition—but *because* of it.

"My mother would have reconciled herself to the marriage, but my wife never forgave the opposition, and, by some hellish instinct, divining that her power over me might be weakened by maternal influence, precipitated a quarrel which forever separated us. With the little capital left by my father, divided between my mother and myself, I took my wife to a Western city. Our small income speedily dwindled under the debts of her former husband, which she had assumed to purchase her freedom. I endeavored to utilize a good education and some accomplishments in music and the languages by giving lessons and by contributing to the press. In this my wife first made a show of assisting me, but I was not long in discovering that her intelligence was superficial and shallow, and that the audacity of expression which I had believed to be originality of conviction was simply shamelessness and a desire for notoriety. A certain facility in writing sentimental poetry, which had been efficacious in her matrimonial speculations, tried by the test

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1568.

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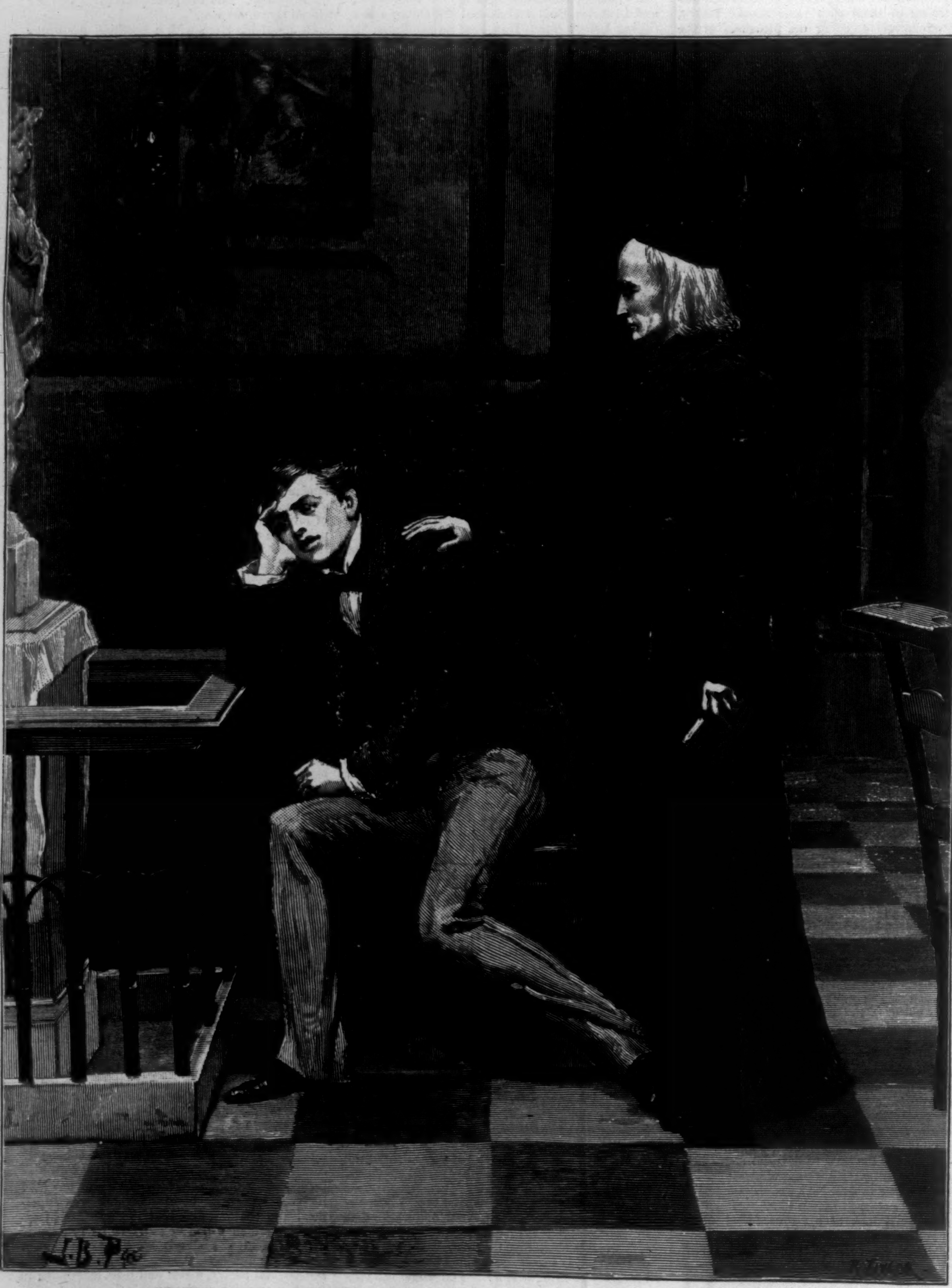
EDWIN H. FITLER, MAYOR-ELECT OF PHILADELPHIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

CAPTAIN ADOLPHUS W. GREELY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 147.]



"PADRE ESTEBAN LAID HIS LARGE BROWN HAND ON THE YOUNG MAN'S SHOULDER."

of publication in magazines and newspapers, was found tawdry and insincere. To my astonishment, she remained unaffected by this, as she was equally impervious to the slights and sneers that continually met us in society. At last the inability to pay one of her former husband's claims brought to me a threat and an anonymous letter. I laid them before her, when a scene ensued which revealed the blindness of my folly in all its hideous hopelessness; she accused me of complicity in her divorce and deception in regard to my own fortune. In a speech whose language was a horrible revelation of her early habits, she offered to arrange a divorce from me as she had from her former husband. She gave as a reason her preference for another, and her belief that the scandal of a suit would lend her a certain advertisement and prestige. It was a combination of Messalina and Mrs. Jarley."

"Pardon! I remember not a Madame Jarley," said the priest.

"Of viciousness and commercial calculation," continued Hurlstone, hurriedly "I don't remember what happened; she swore that I struck her. Perhaps—God knows! But she failed, even before a Western jury, to convict me of cruelty. The judge that thought me half insane would not believe me brutal, and her application for divorce was lost.

"I need not tell you that the same friends who had opposed my marriage now came forward to implore me to allow her to break our chains. I refused. I swear to you it was from no lingering love for her, for her presence drove me mad; it was from no instinct of revenge or jealousy, for I should have welcomed the man who would have taken her out of my life and memory. But I could not bear the idea of taking her first husband's place in her hideous comedy; I could not purchase my freedom at that price—at any price. I was told that I could get a divorce against *her*, and stand forth before the world untrammelled and unstained. But I could not stand before *myself* in such an attitude. *I* knew that the shackles I had deliberately forged could not be loosened except by death; I knew that the stains of her would cling to me and become a part of my own sin, even as the sea I plunged into yesterday to escape her, though it has dried upon me, has left its bitter salt behind.

"When she knew my resolve, she took her revenge by dragging my name through the successive levels to which she descended. Under the plea that the hardly earned sum I gave to her maintenance apart from me was not sufficient, she utilized her undoubted beauty and more doubtful talent in amateur entertainments—and, finally, on the stage. She was openly accompanied by her lover, who acted as her agent, in the hope of goading me to a divorce. Suddenly she disappeared. I thought she had forgotten me. I obtained an honorable position in New York. One night I entered a theatre devoted to burlesque opera, and the exhibition of a popular actress, known as the Western Thalia, whose beautiful and audaciously draped figure was the talk of the town. I recognized my wife in this star of nudity; more than that, she recognized me. The next day, in addition to the usual notice, the real name of the actress was given in the morning papers, with a sympathizing account of her romantic and unfortunate marriage. I renounced my position, and taking advantage of an offer from an old friend in California, resolved to join him secretly there. My mother had died broken-hearted; I was alone in the world. But my wife discovered my intention, and when I reached Callao, I heard that she had followed me, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and that probably she would anticipate me in Mazatlan, where we were to stop. The thought of suicide haunted me during the rest of that horrible voyage: only my belief that she would make it appear as a tacit confession of my guilt saved me from that last act of weakness."

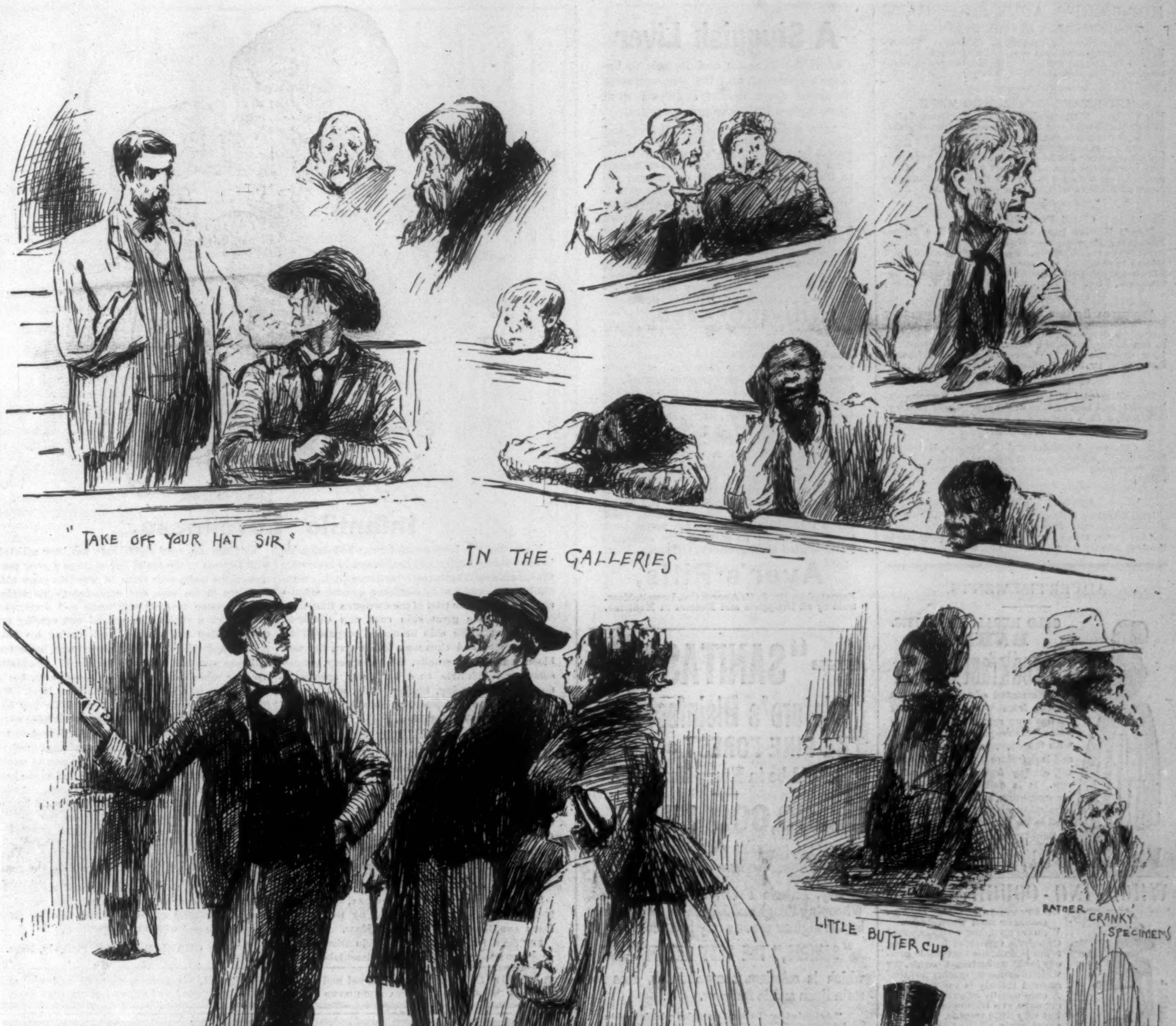
He stopped and shuddered. Padre Esteban again laid his hand softly upon him. "It was God who spared you that sacrifice of soul and body," he said, gently.

"I thought it was God that suggested to me to make the *simulation* of that act the means of separating myself from her forever. When we neared Mazatlan, I conceived the idea of hiding myself in the hold of the *Excelsior* until she had left that port, in the hope that it would be believed that I had fallen overboard. I succeeded in secreting myself, but was discovered at the same time that the unexpected change in the ship's destination rendered concealment unnecessary. As we did not put in at Mazatlan, nobody suspected my discovery in the hold to be anything but the accident that I gave it out to be. I felt myself saved the confrontation of the woman at Mazatlan; but I knew she would pursue me to San Francisco. The strange dispensation of Providence that brought us into this unknown port gave me another hope of escape and oblivion. While you and the Commander were boarding the *Excelsior*, I slipped from the cabin window into the water; I was a good swimmer, and reached the shore in safety. I concealed myself in the ditch of the Presidio until I saw the passengers' boats returning with them, when I sought the safer shelter of this mission. I made my way through a gap in the hedge and lay under your olive-trees, hearing the voices of my companions beyond the walls till past midnight. I then groped my way along the avenue of pear-trees till I came to another wall, and a door that opened to my accidental touch. I entered, and found myself here. You know the rest."

He had spoken with the rapid and unpent fluency of a man who cared more to relieve himself of an oppressive burden than to impress his auditor; yet the restriction of a foreign tongue had checked repetition or verbosity. Without imagination he had been eloquent; without hopefulness he had been convincing. Father Esteban rose, holding both his hands.

"My son, in the sanctuary which you have claimed there is no divorce. The woman who has ruined your life could not be your wife. As long as her first husband lives she is forever his wife, bound by a tie which no human law can sever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]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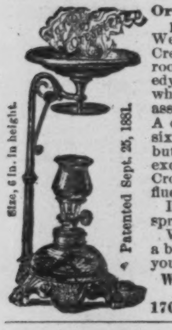
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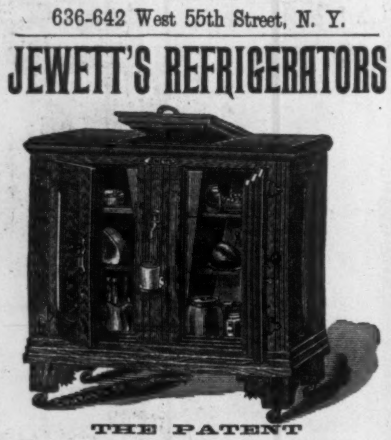

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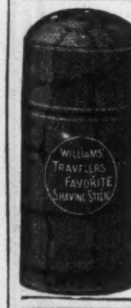

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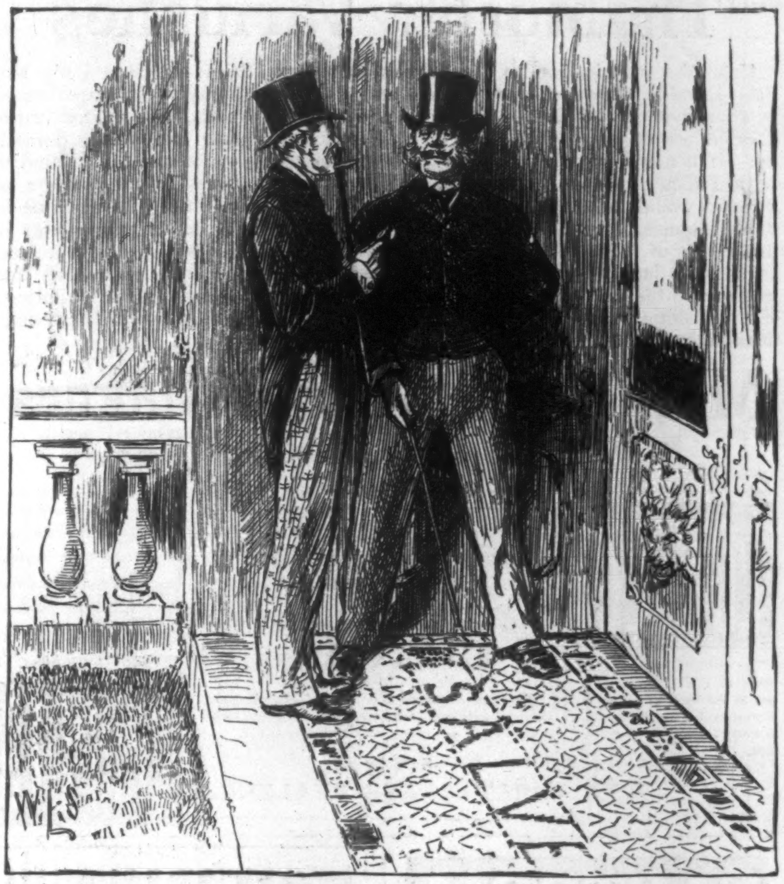


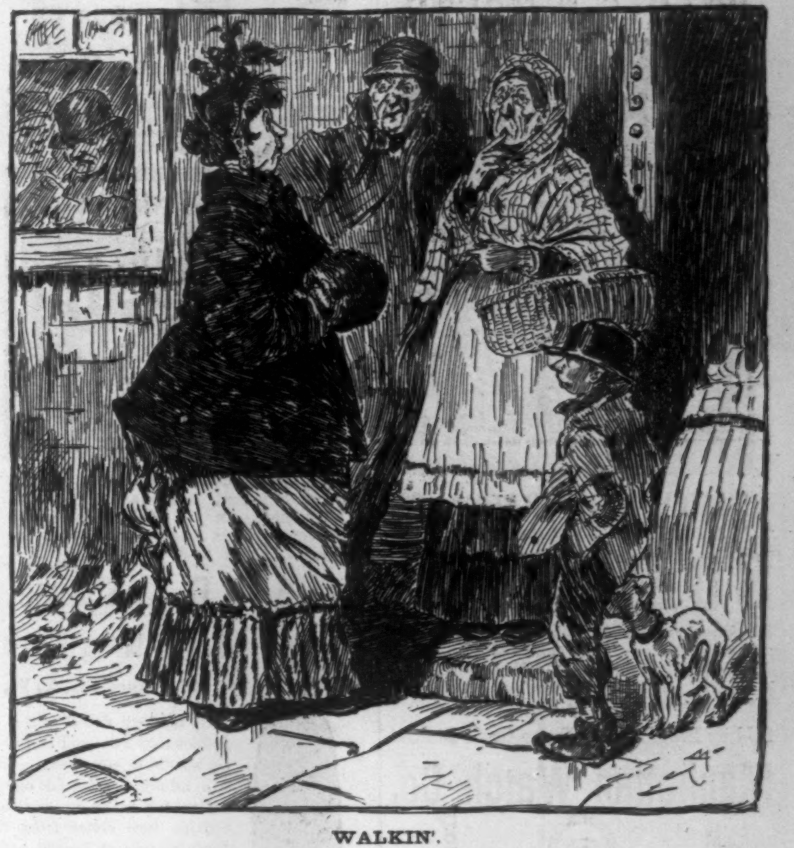
MUST THE CLASSICS GO?

Bustley's lawyer, from another city, is taken by Bustley to see a friend. In the vestibule, B., calling attention to the mosaic, *loq.:*

"Noticed this thing here before. Can't make it out."

LAWYER (*Latinist, and fond of his little joke*). "Friend is retired apothecary, perhaps."

BUSTLEY. "Wrong; lumber; would hardly be so shoppy as to put SALVE [pronounced *Sav*] at his door, even if he *had* made his fortune in it."



WALKIN'.

"So your husband hasn't any wurrk, Mrs. Sullivan, all on account of the shtrike? Naythur has mine, bad luck to it!"

"Well, how is it then ye's walkin' about lookin' so nappy loike, wid a new sale-skin jacket, an'—"

"Oh, it's jist the walkin' as does it. Me husband's a diligit, ye see—a walkin' wan."

ALLCOCKS

The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS during the past thirty years is unimpeachable evidence of their superiority, and should convince the most sceptical. Beware of imitations.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

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OPIUM HABIT Cured without suffering. No pay till cured. O. S. SARGENT, M.D., 22 Claremont Park, Boston.

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Corahs, India Pongees.
Newest Styles for Spring.

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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. GENUINE ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

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will mail, free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc.

Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

THE SPORTSMAN, an elegant weekly, devoted to the kennel, shooting, hunting, fishing and other legitimate sports. The paper one year, and 45 popular books, for $2.00. Send for specimen copy and list of books.
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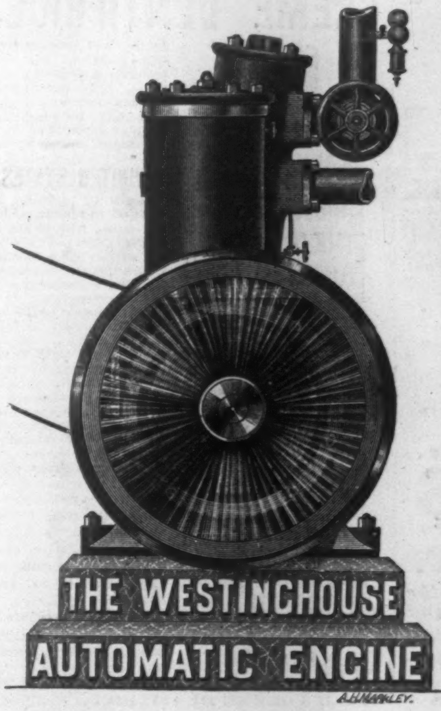

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You will never know how cheap it is till you ask, nor how good it is till you try.

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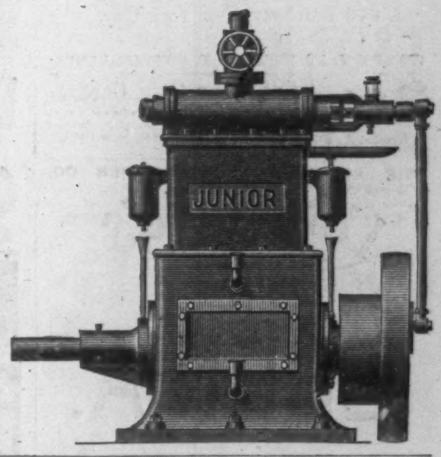

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PRICES FURNISHED BY THE MANUFACTURERS.
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G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg Pa.
Send at once. This notice will not appear again.

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BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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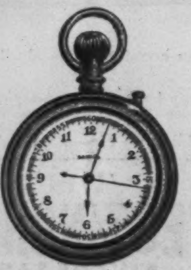
Half-Size Cut of Sweep-Second Watch.



Prices from Five Dollars up.

We invite your attention to our SWEEP-SECOND STOP, and PLAIN Watches in GOLD-PLATED or NICKEL-SILVER Cases. These, with monograms, which we will engrave of any design, make the most attractive and effective watches ever offered for the money.

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They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

Send stamp for Descriptive Price-list to

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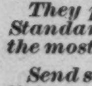

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PRESS, $3; Circular Size, $8; Press for small newspaper, $44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, Press, Type, Cards, to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

LUNDBORG'S Perfume EDENIA.

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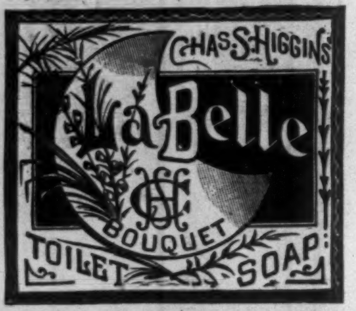
Rhenish Cologne.

If you cannot obtain **LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE** in your vicinity send your name and address for Price-list to the manufacturers, **YOUNG, LADD, & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.**

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a *perfectly* pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

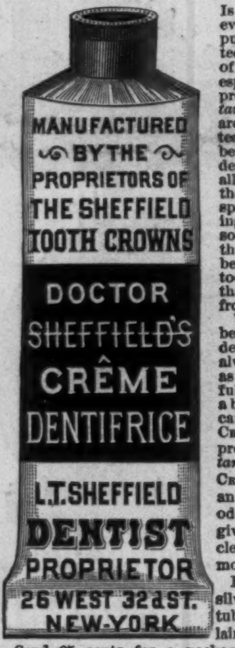
C. C. Shayne,

Manufacturing Furrier,

103 Prince St., N. Y.,

Has marked down prices of fashionable Furs and Seal-skin Garments this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

Use Dr. Sheffield's CRÊME DENTIFRICE.



Is the best preparation ever produced for the purpose of cleansing the teeth. The ingredients of this preparation are especially intended to prevent deposits of *tartar* from accumulating around the necks of the teeth and upon the roots beneath the gums. This deposit of *tartar*, if allowed to remain upon the teeth, will produce spongy gums and loosening of the teeth, and is so insidious in its action that its presence may not be discovered till the tooth becomes so loose that it is ready to fall from its socket.

When the teeth have been cleansed by the dentist (which should always be done as often as twice a year), the careful and intelligent use of a brush and liberal application of DR. SHEFFIELD'S CRÊME DENTIFRICE will prevent any redeposits of *tartar*. DR. SHEFFIELD'S CRÊME DENTIFRICE has an agreeable, pungent odor and flavor, and gives a pleasant, smooth, clean feeling to the mouth and lips.

Put up in handsome silver-surface flexible tubes, and also in porcelain boxes.

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Crême in Jar, 50 cts.; Elixir Balm for Teeth and Gums, 50 cts. Best preparation in the world.

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MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

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COCOA

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EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

The Murphy Varnishes

Until the introduction to the trade of Murphy's Palest Durable Body and Pale Durable Carriage, more or less annoyance has always been experienced by consumers of varnishes. If the varnish was found to possess a good lustre, it dried too quickly. If it dried quickly, it did not possess the desired durability. If it met in a tolerable degree these two requisites, it was often found to be a difficult matter to work it; and varying conditions in temperature or weather would influence the results in many particulars. So, if it was safe in some respects, it was treacherous in others, always imparting an uncertainty in the minds of those who were compelled to use it as to the ultimate outcome. In short, it lacked reliability, and if there is one thing more than another that will secure the confidence of the carriage painter, it lies in the strict uniformity of a finishing varnish. The Murphy Varnishes have all needed shop conditions and are unexcelled for durability.

Murphy & Co. Varnish Makers

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LOWELL

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body Brussels at every repeat of the pattern.

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FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY LOWELL CARPETS HAVE BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE

BEST

The grade has never been lowered, and the company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.

Sold by all
FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

The Lowell Ingrains are wound upon a hollow stick, which the U. S. Superior Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The public are thereby thoroughly protected against deception.

CARPETS

CASTORIA

Mother's
Great Medicine
for
Children.

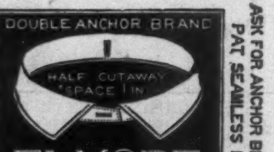
Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure. Costing less than one cent a cup.

DOUBLE
TRADE ANCHOR BRAND MARK
LINEN COLLARS
PAT. SEAMLESS FOLD
ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION
Will outwear two collars made in the old way.

HAVE STYLISH SHAPES AND NECKTIE CURVES



ASK FOR ANCHOR BRAND PAT SEAMLESS FOLD

SINGLE 15c ANCHOR — ALL THE LATEST STYLES AT POPULAR PRICES — DOUBLE 20c ANCHOR

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Catalogue with price list can be had of your dealer or Beiermeister & Spicer, Troy, N. Y.

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THE SMITH & EGGE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
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With which, applied to an ordinary Sewing-machine, a Buttonhole much handsomer than can be made by hand can be produced in less than half a minute. Price within the reach of all.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE.

Stylish, Durable, Easy Fitting. The best $3 Shoe in the World.

W. L. DOUGLAS
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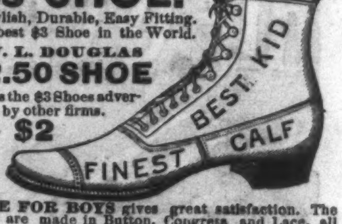
equals the $3 Shoes advertised by other firms.

Our **$2**



SHOE FOR BOYS gives great satisfaction. The above are made in Button, Congress and Lace, all styles of toe. *Every pair warranted; name and price stamped on bottom of each shoe.* No others genuine. Sold by 2,000 dealers throughout the U. S. If your dealer does not keep them, send name on postal to **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.,** for free information. Shoes mailed, postage free.

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BLACK BALL BRAND. — REQUIRES NO HEAT

A **Stretcher** For holding the clothing while marking given each purchaser free.

Price 25 Cts., complete.

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For sale by the trade, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Am. H'quarters, 46 Murray St., N.Y.
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EVERY gentle angler, if Izaak Walton were living to-day, would be sure to wear the Shawknit Stockings, since there is nothing in them to disturb the serenest meditation. They fit perfectly, and are free from whatever annoys.

If you are a sportsman, send to the makers for a postpaid Price-list of their heavy and bicycle goods.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER.

Sent on Trial, Postpaid.

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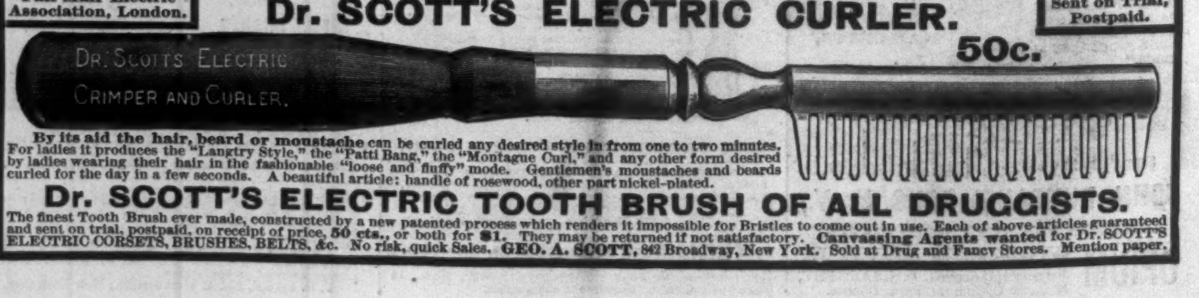

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

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The finest Tooth Brush ever made, constructed by a new patented process which renders it impossible for Bristles to come out in use. Each of above articles guaranteed and sent on trial, postpaid, on receipt of price, **50 cts.,** or both for **$1.** They may be returned if not satisfactory. **Canvassing Agents wanted** for Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, &c. No risk, quick Sales. **GEO. A. SCOTT,** 842 Broadway, New York. Sold at Drug and Fancy Stores. Mention paper.

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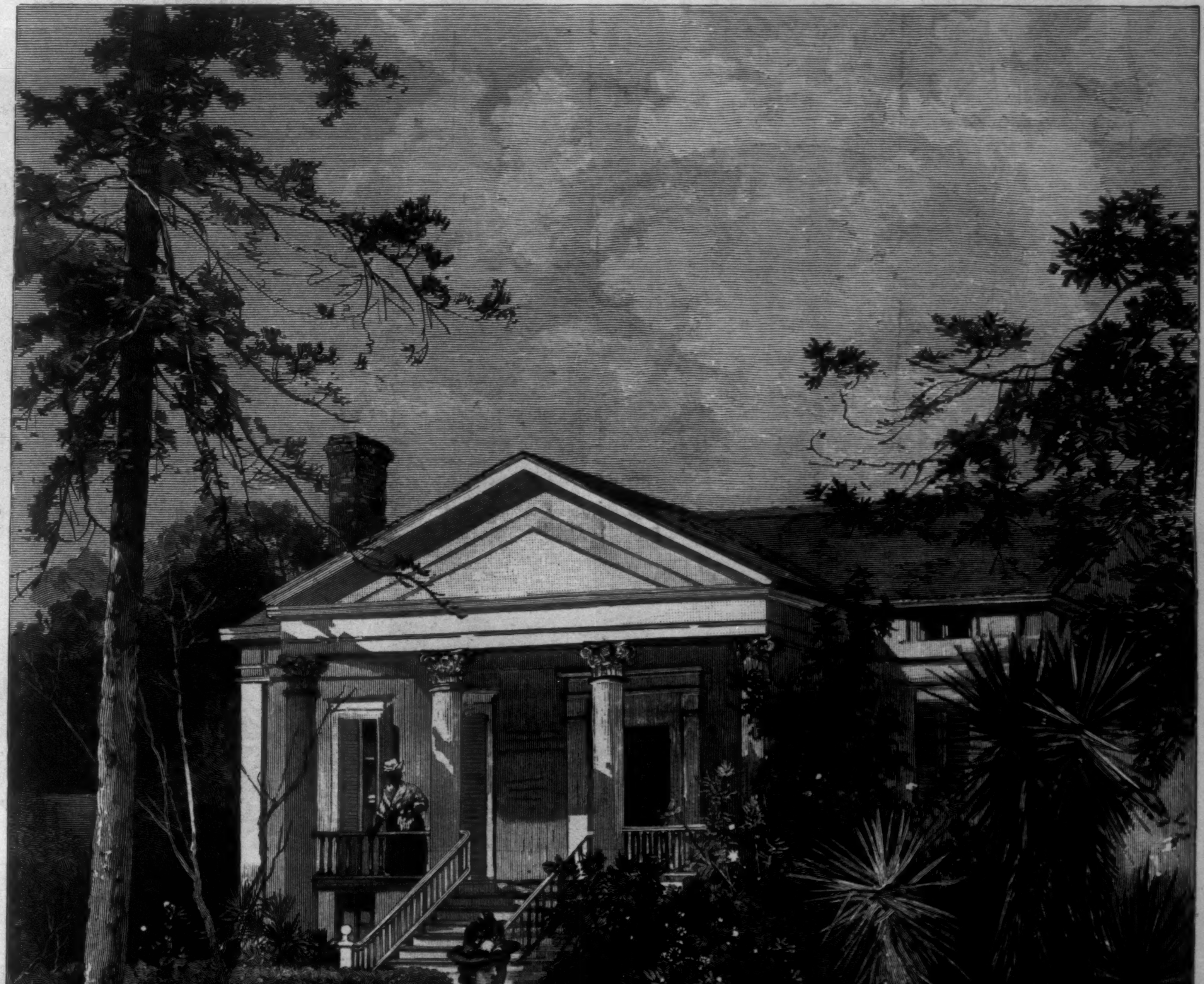
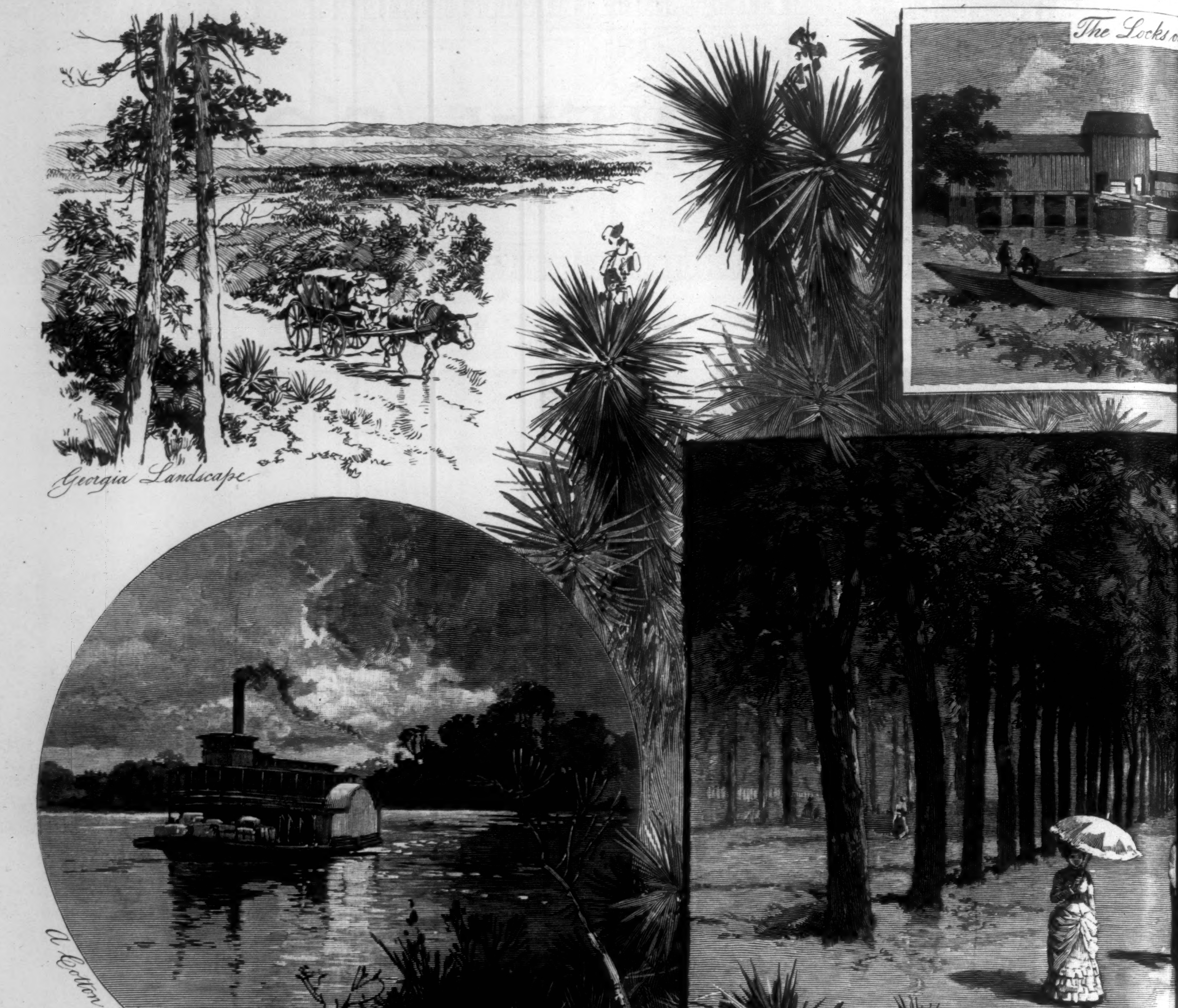
THE NEW SOUTH.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN HOME IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," PAGE 150.]



Georgia Landscape

A Cotton Boat

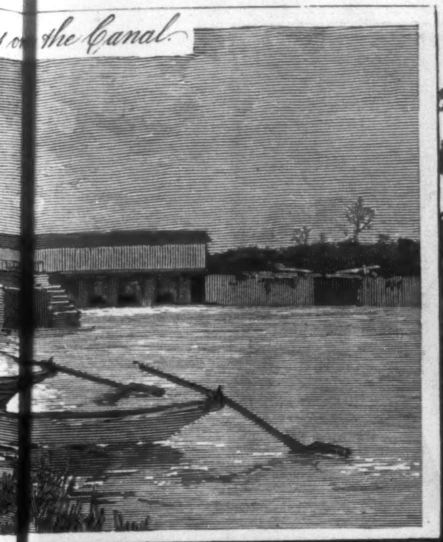
The Locks o

One of th

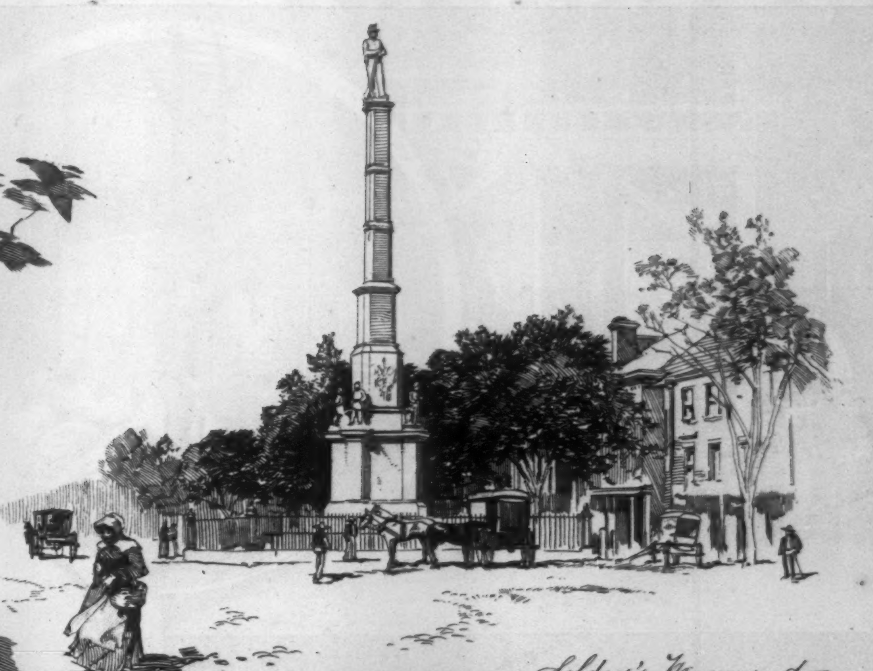
The Old Bell Tower

A Model Mill

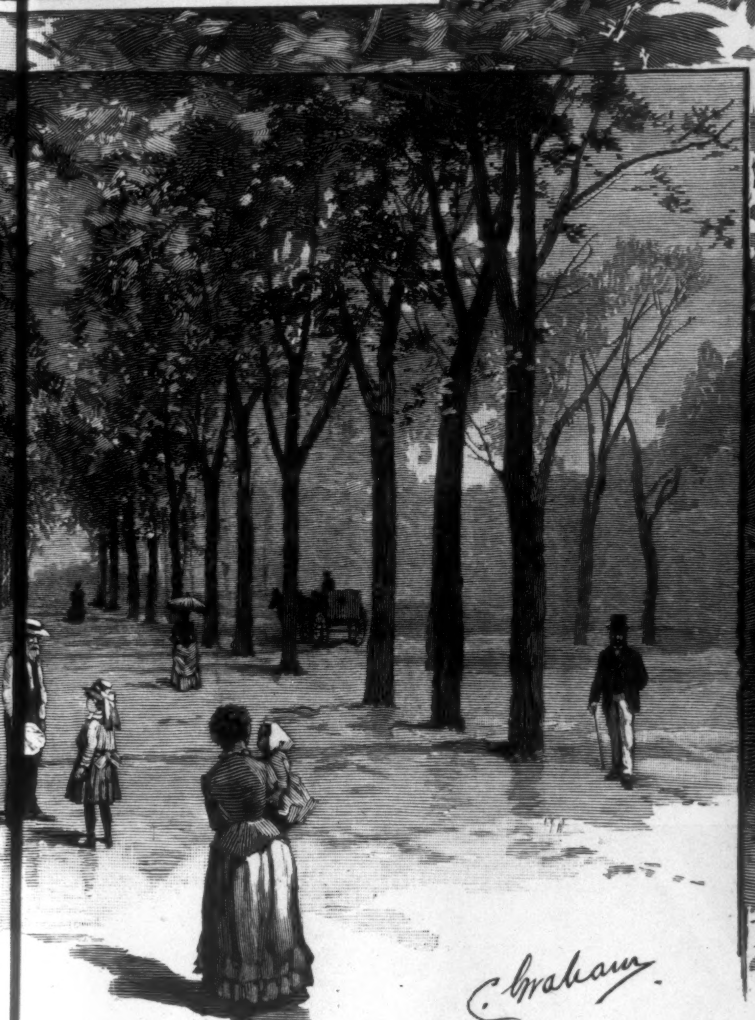
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—Drawn by Charles Graha



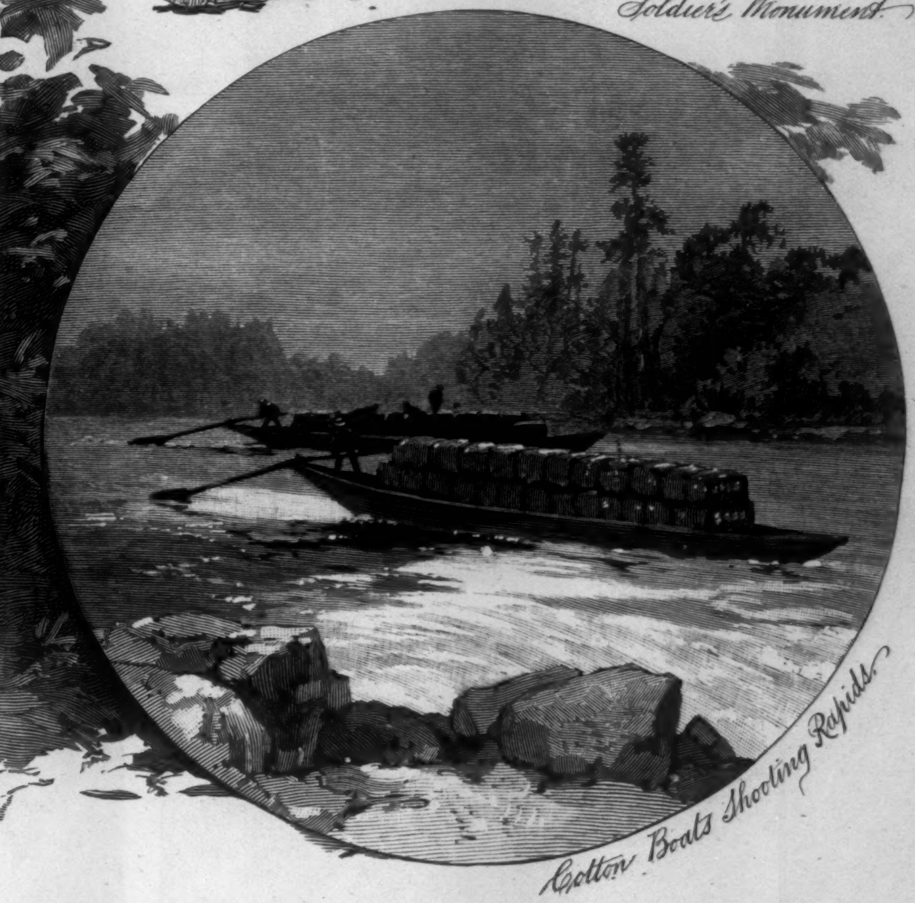
on the Canal



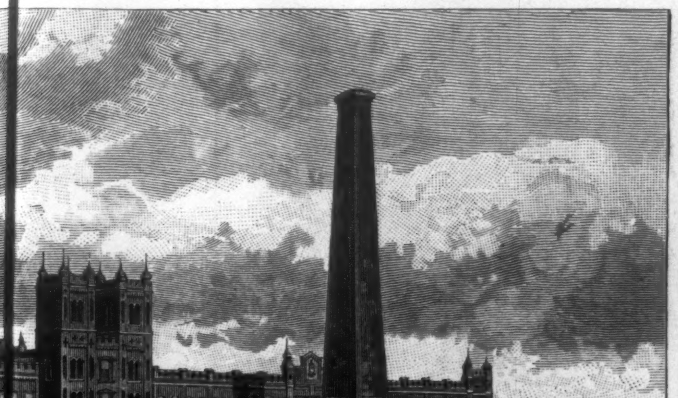
Soldier's Monument

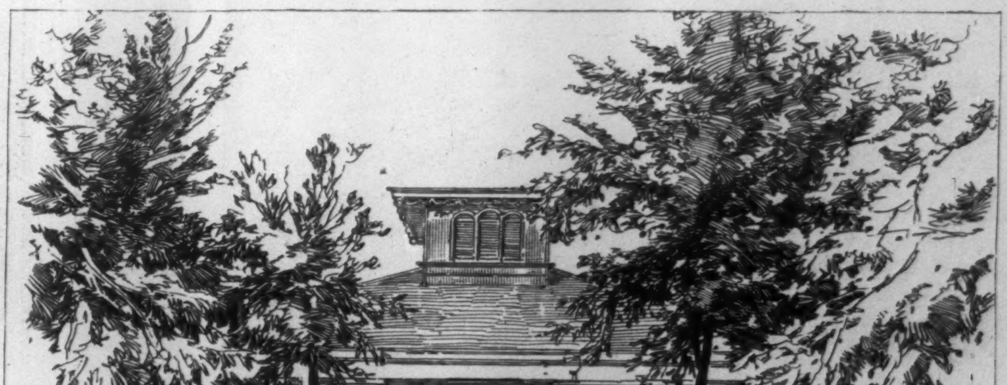


he Avenues



Cotton Boats Shooting Rapids





A Characteristic Home.

M.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 150.]